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CATHERINE'S CHILD.<sup>1</sup>

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MESSENGER with a letter was despatched by the one o'clock train from Ilverton, which was due to arrive in London in the early morning; and Catherine, to whom all arrangements were of necessity referred, thus broke the terrible news of Sir Cecil's fatal accident as tenderly as possible to Augusta, and added a request that a message might be sent at once to old Lady Sarah's faithful maid, who would best know how to prepare her aged mistress for the shock that awaited her.

Through the long and dreary morning which succeeded the catastrophe, she waited anxiously for a telegram from Augusta, making no doubt that she and Philippa would come home by the first possible train. But the day was well advanced before the telegram arrived, and the contents were not at all what Catherine expected.

'Absolutely prostrate and helpless. Please come here at once and without delay. Urgent.—AUGUSTA.'

'She ought to come home. How can she leave *him* lying there alone, and not come?' said Catherine, shedding indignant tears. 'What can I do? It is not as if I had ever been anything to Augusta, or she to me.'

'Oh, my dear, my dear, you are kind and gentle; and she is a very helpless person, as she truly says. I am sure I should want

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you if I were in such a trouble as hers,' sobbed Miss Dulcinea, who had been completely overcome by the news which greeted her on waking.

'Of course I must go if she wants me,' Catherine said, almost angrily, 'but it will only be to bring her back; and if she wanted me without delay, why *did* she delay so that I can only go by the slow afternoon train, which does not get there until past nine o'clock at night?'

But there was a gleam of comfort in her sorrow at the thought that her child must now be restored to her arms.

'And I shall never let her go again—to suffer as I have suffered,' thought Catherine, 'after this terrible lesson of the uncertainty of life.'

She wept as she packed a very few things in a small hand-case and dressing-bag, resolved that no entreaties of Augusta should detain her or Philippa in London.

'It is Cecil, poor, poor Cecil, to whom we owe all the duty and affection and respect which we shall ever be able to show him now,' she sobbed. 'What is Augusta to us—cold and selfish, thinking only of her own health and comfort while *he* lies dead in his own house—the last of his race, except my darling?' Then she sank back in her chair, appalled by the recollection that the heavy burden of responsibility which had fallen from the dead man's shoulders would now devolve upon her child.

It was Philippa who was the last of the Adelstanes—whose inheritance had thus, with terrible suddenness, come upon her—and Catherine's heart sank as she thought of the changes awaiting her.

Strive as she would to put all such thoughts aside, they returned upon her again and again while she made ready for her solitary journey.

'Take me with you,' implored Lily, clinging about her with passionate tears and distressing persistence.

'I cannot, Lily, but I will come back to-morrow. Yes, I promise,' said Catherine, strengthening her own resolution by thus giving her word to the child. 'You will take care of Aunt Dulcinea and of everything for me?'

'You must not be troublesome,' said Aunt Dulcinea, admonishing her very kindly; but she shook her head over the selfishness of Lily, though she had always found a thousand excuses for the selfishness of Philippa.

'Aunt Clara will come and fetch me when you are gone,' said Lily, bursting into fresh tears.

'I wouldn't let you go,' said Aunt Dulcinea, and her soft heart melted.

'I shall be back before they know I am gone,' said Catherine soothingly.

'Granny knows everything, and Aunt Dulcinea is frightened of granny—you know she is,' said Lily. 'But if you will forbid me to go, I can tell them so when they come for me.'

'There, there, I forbid you,' said Catherine, and she fondled the little fragile creature who clung to her so faithfully.

Exhausted by grief, wakefulness, and excitement, Catherine fell asleep in the train as daylight waned, and was astonished when she woke, somewhat chilled and stiff, to find herself at her journey's end.

By the time her cab drew up at the house in Belgrave Square she had realised afresh all that had happened, and the tears started again to her eyes at the sight of the old butler's familiar face at the front door. She greeted him kindly, for his own distress was very obvious.

'Is Lady Adelstane able to see me at once? And where is Miss Philippa? Is she sitting up for me? I should like to go first to her,' she said, wringing the old man's hand, which he put out to her, trembling, as though he scarce knew what he did.

'Oh, ma'am—oh, my lady!' said Pilkington.

'Do not—do not—I know it is terrible—but indeed we must not give way,' said Catherine with a sob in her throat.

'We wasn't sure—we didn't send to meet you—my lady, but—you came by the four o'clock train?' he faltered.

'Yes,' she said, surprised.

'And there was no—you did not get the second telegram? I was afraid it was sent off too late. But her ladyship was that distracted—she didn't well know what she was doing.'

'What do you mean?'

'Oh, my lady, come in! You mustn't stand here—what am I thinking of? Come in—come in,' said Pilkington. 'Her ladyship's upstairs, most out of her mind, and here's dinner ready for you in the dining-room.'

Catherine followed him, almost wondering to see the steady and self-possessed Pilkington thus utterly unstrung.

'What second telegram?' she repeated as he closed the dining-

room door upon the little commotion in the hall—the footmen carrying in her modest luggage and paying the cabman.

The old man looked at her with an expression so imploring as to be almost wild.

‘To ask you—whether—to ask you if—Miss Philippa had gone back to Welwysbere—to you, my lady?’ he cried, putting his shaking hands together. ‘For she’s not been seen here since she came home from the dance at three o’clock in the morning.’

Catherine knew not what she said nor what she looked, and was not conscious how she got out of the room or upstairs; but the echo of Pilkington’s words had not died from her ears before she found herself holding Augusta’s shoulder in the drawing-room, almost shaking her—hoarsely asking her over and over again what she had done with her child. She was in truth for a few moments like a mad woman, knowing not what she said nor what Augusta answered. The pent-up thoughts, suppressed anxiety, and hidden jealous resentment of weeks found words and poured themselves forth, but so incoherently as merely to frighten Augusta without reaching her understanding. All she knew and felt was that Catherine was like one possessed and insane with blind fury, and that such behaviour towards a woman just bereaved of her husband was an outrage. She screamed with terror and indignation, and it was Mme. Minart who flew to her assistance and who put Catherine into a chair by the open window with a mixture of authority and soothing, and forced her presently to swallow a glass of wine.

‘Who are you?’ Catherine faltered, regaining some measure of her self-command.

‘I am nobody—nothing,’ said Mme. Minart in her impatient tones of suppressed force. She fixed her great dark eyes upon Catherine’s white face with some compassion. ‘Be calm. Of what use this agony, this emotion? It is not thus you can help yourself or others.’

Catherine gave her a strange wild look.

‘I know now who you are. You are right—I must be calm. I must think—and act.’ She put her hands to her hair, smoothed it, and rose from the armchair, refreshed physically by the wine and mentally by the Frenchwoman’s reproaches.

‘I beg your pardon, Augusta,’ said Catherine, and her voice grew almost steady. ‘Now tell me quickly and plainly what has happened, and what you have done with Philippa.’

Augusta, fat and helpless, reclining on a Louis Seize couch among embroidered cushions, and clothed in flowing lace draperies, was in very little case to speak quickly or plainly.

'Everything has happened,' she wailed—'everything at once. It is appalling! I sent for you—what more could I do? I am sure you cannot reproach me more than I reproach myself for ever undertaking the charge of another person's child. But *he* wished it. I can't realise what has happened. I am like a person in a dream. Oh, Catherine! he can't really be dead—all in a moment like that'—her voice rose to a scream—'and you to come and reproach me!'

She hid her face in her lace handkerchief, really unable to continue, and Catherine wrung her hands in distress and impatience.

'Where is Roper? I trusted my child to her,' she said, turning to the door.

'Roper knows nothing. I will tell you, since Miladi cannot,' said Mme. Minart. 'Miladi took your daughter to a ball last night, and returned about three in the morning. Philippa came to my room to tell me of her enjoyment, and I told her that in the morning she must sleep late after a fatigue so great. Also I unfastened her dress, for she had forbid Roper, who is old, to sit up for her; and she knew that to me it is nothing to be disturbed. At seven this morning I rise and go to seek Roper, that she may not disturb the child; and I meet her on the stairs, crying, for she has seen the servant who brought the letter from Devonshire for Miladi, and he has told her of the terrible news. I still forbid that the child should be waked to hear this.'

Catherine put out her hand impulsively, as though to thank Mme. Minart for this thought of Philippa, but the Frenchwoman did not pause in her rapid low-toned recital.

'I say to Roper, "Let her sleep as long as she will; it will be time enough that she should know. What can she do?" And Roper agree, but say I am not to tell her, she will tell herself. What would you? The vulgar find a certain joy even in the telling of bad news,' said Mme. Minart disdainfully. 'I say I will certainly not tell her, and I go to seek the maid of Miladi. She too says Miladi will know soon enough, and will let her sleep on, and give the letter only when she wakes, since there is nothing—no more to be done for the poor gentleman. And since Miladi is'—there was an inflection of satire in Mme. Minart's tones—'so weak, so delicate, that she will need all her strength in a grief so terrible.

At nine o'clock Holland dares no longer wait, and she goes to Miladi, who has, as was to be expected, an attack of the nerves.'

'Of the heart,' supplemented Augusta with a sob.

'Of the heart.' Mme. Minart accepted the correction without a change of expression. 'And Holland is obliged to call for assistance. I go, and Roper, and others. There is a great confusion. When Roper goes upstairs to her young lady she finds that she has already risen and left her room. She looks for her downstairs in the room where we breakfast, and finds her not, and someone says she is with Miladi. Later we find that she is not with Miladi, and that Miladi has not seen her. We search here and there; no one has seen her, no one has told her the news. That is all,' said Mme. Minart.

'What did you do?'

'What could we do,' said Augusta, weeping, 'but wait for her to come back, or let us know where she had gone? I made up my mind she had heard the news somehow and raced off to you. It would be just like her, so headstrong—and without a word to anybody. It never occurred to me to telegraph and ask you. I waited to hear from *you*. And then it turned out that nobody could have told her, since nobody had seen her, so I grew frightened and telegraphed to you. It was Pilkington who made me wire a second time, for he had wired privately himself meantime to the station-master at Ilverton and learnt that she had not arrived there.' As she spoke the butler brought a telegram into the room, and waited, breathless with anxiety, while Catherine tore it open, heedless to whom it might be addressed.

It was from Miss Dulcinea.

'Philippa has not come home. Are we to expect her? Cannot understand your wire.'

'I took the liberty of telegraphing myself to Mrs. Jones at the Abbey,' said Pilkington in subdued tones to Catherine. 'Miss Philippa has not arrived there, my lady. I put it very guarded, not to rouse any talk like. I think, my lady, no more time ought to be lost, if you'll excuse me.'

'Of course no more time ought to be lost,' said Catherine, trembling. 'Where is Colonel Moore? Have you sent to him, or to Mr. Chilcott? And Lady Sarah?'

'I sent round to her ladyship's house the first thing this morning. Miss Philippa has not been to Curzon Street, my lady. And

Colonel Moore and Squire Chilcott is out of town, just left to spend the week-end at Ralte.'

'Yes, yes! Colonel Moore said last night that they were going—and Grace Trumoin too. So like Blanche, luring all my friends away from me!' sobbed Augusta.

'Saturday's a awkward day for everything, my lady,' said Pilkington, 'but I don't think we ought to lose a moment, now you've come, in going to Scotland Yard. They'll telegraph her description all down the line to Devonshire and all over the country. It's the best thing we can do.'

'Yes, yes, we can do that. It is something,' said Catherine, 'and I will telegraph to Ralte; they will come back when they hear. Come at once, Pilkington.'

'Catherine, you must rest—you must eat something, or you will be ill yourself,' cried Augusta. 'I am as ill as I can be. I feel as if I should go out of my mind with all this on the top of what has happened.'

'Do you think I shall ever rest again, day or night,' said Catherine fiercely, 'until I know my child is safe? Come, Pilkington, we will take Roper with us, and I can question her as we go.' And she went away without another word or look to spare for the weeping new-made widow.

## CHAPTER XV.

'WHAT am I to do? I determined I would come and ask you—for Catherine will not pay the least heed to what I say. I do not think she even hears me. She never went to bed at all last night. She will be out of her mind if this goes on.'

'And no wonder,' said Lady Sarah grimly.

'Of course I'm not fit to come and see you. No one could expect it of me,' sobbed Augusta. 'It's not decent that I should come even here, but at your age I did not feel justified in asking you to come to me. Of course, if this—this extraordinary complication had not happened, I should have gone down at once—at once to the Abbey, able or not able, as everyone would have expected of me. As it is I am stunned, simply stunned, as anyone would be (and everyone knows what we were to each other). But here am I, a widow only a day old, and nobody thinking about me or my feelings at all. Mr. Ash writing for instructions, when

I don't know what ought to be done under the circumstances—and if Philippa doesn't appear at—at the—oh, how can I say the word?' faltered Augusta, with a fresh burst of tears—'what will people say? Oh, it is dreadful to have no one—no one to take the responsibility off my hands!'

'Mr. Ash can settle all details about the funeral,' said Lady Sarah, without faltering at all.

There were no traces of tears about her shrunken yet handsome old face, but the waxen purity of her complexion was paler, and there was a curious ashen greyness about her sunken mouth and fine-cut nostrils that told of the shock she had suffered. Grief is often softened mysteriously to the very old, who have outlived the loss of many loved ones and have grown almost accustomed to the chill visitations of Death stealing about them on all sides, and leaving them at last alone in a world full of strangers and memories.

Lady Sarah's sardonic humour had not deserted her; she showed little more sympathy than usual with her granddaughter-in-law, and would have died rather than relax her own self-control in Augusta's presence.

'Mr. Ash is quite a young man; he must have someone to direct him. I couldn't think of leaving it to him. And here is George Chilcott, poor Cecil's oldest friend and neighbour, shocked as he is—as he must be—yet he can give his attention to nothing but this dreadful business of Philippa; and Colonel Moore is the same. They came down with Blanche and Bob from Ralte this morning. And the police in and out of the house; even I am being questioned and cross-examined as though I were a convict. Catherine seems to suspect everyone in turn of having made away with her daughter, especially Mme. Minart.'

'Pray, who is Mme. Minart?'

'My companion, who——'

'Dear me! And since when have you found it necessary to start a companion?' said Lady Sarah, raising her eyebrows in affected surprise.

'Oh, grandmamma! you must remember I told you a fortnight ago she was coming; and here she was so attached to Philippa, poor thing, following her about from morning till night, and never letting her out of her sight. No one can say I was not careful of Philippa. I was afraid of leaving her even with her own maid.'

'It appears to me that she was rather Philippa's companion than yours.'

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'In a sense she was; and that is what makes it so ridiculous to suspect her. She is absolutely devoted to Philippa, and how could she have hidden her away against her will? The thing is absurd. The fact is Catherine has spoilt her daughter so, that Philippa has just taken it into her head to be off no one knows where, and then they all come down upon me. One would think they would have respected my first day of widowhood.'

'You are responsible for Philippa,' said Lady Sarah in cutting tones. 'She cannot have vanished into thin air. She must have gone somewhere out of your house, and they must look for the clue of her disappearance there.'

'But I know no more than the babe unborn where she went,' wailed Augusta. 'All I can say is that she enjoyed herself at the dance, and young Kentisbury paid her a great deal of attention. It was my suggestion to send round to their house and tell them in confidence.'

'He is the last person who ought to have heard anything about it,' said Lady Sarah sharply. 'It may be nothing but a childish freak. She will probably turn up to-morrow, and then he need never have known. A girl's reputation is a brittle thing; you should have had more sense.'

Poor Augusta looked helplessly at her grandmother-in-law.

'What is the use of trying to hush it up when it is sure to get into the papers?' she said tearfully. 'And Charlie is almost frantic. He says he will never rest day or night till he has found her. The Scotland Yard people thought it must be an elopement at first; but now they understand who she is and all about her, they think it is more likely a blackmailing business, and that she has been abducted against her will. But who could have abducted a strong powerful girl like Philippa against her will? The whole thing is a complete mystery.'

'Why has Catherine not been here?' said Lady Sarah. 'Send her to me.'

'She was out all night with Roper and Pilkington. *He* is quite knocked up to-day. But Catherine is as strong as a horse; she always was,' said Augusta resentfully. 'And all to-day she has been with this Detective Mills, questioning and cross-questioning every servant in my house, as I tell you; and bullying me about Mme. Minart's references, and Philippa's fondness for her, and her being left alone with her every evening, and taking meals with her. One would think the girl had been utterly neglected. But

I have told Catherine once for all she is welcome to take charge of my house and everyone in it—indeed she has practically done so without making any bones about it. But, Philippa or no Philippa, I go down to Welwysbere to-morrow, and would to-day only the Sunday trains are so impossible; and I came to tell you, so that everyone should know I have your approval. I suppose you can't disapprove of my wishing to go to—to my poor—oh dear, oh dear!

'The sooner you go the better,' said Lady Sarah.

'I knew you would think so,' said Augusta, and she rose with some alacrity and tottered to Lady Sarah's side to take her leave.

'Let me know the instant you get news.'

'I will—I will. I'll come round myself before I start to-morrow to bid you good-bye—if I live,' sobbed Augusta piously.

'I shall not expect you otherwise,' said Lady Sarah, and she proffered a cold cheek to Augusta's tearful kiss.

'How profane grandmamma is even at a time like this!' murmured poor Lady Adelstane as she groped her way down the narrow staircase of the little house in Curzon Street.

'Augusta's grief seems to have settled in her legs,' said Lady Sarah, viewing in a dispassionate manner from the drawing-room window Augusta's departure, and the tender respect with which she was assisted into the carriage by her colossal footman. 'She appears unable to walk without help.'

'I wish you would come and lie down and rest yourself, my lady,' said Tailer very anxiously; for though she was pretty well accustomed to Lady Sarah's ways, yet she thought her composure under the double catastrophe unnatural. 'Let me bring you some tea. A visit like that is enough to upset your ladyship's heart, and a cup of tea would do you good, my lady.'

'A cup of tea is all you would require to console you for *my* demise, Tailer, I am well aware,' said Lady Sarah sardonically. 'And I may take this opportunity of warning you that the less you say about me over it the better. For if I hear you telling people that you were my confidential friend, or any nonsense of that kind, you may depend upon it I shall haunt you in the most unpleasant manner.'

'Oh, my lady, what dreadful things you do say! You make my blood run cold,' said Tailer, horrified, and perhaps also a little conscience-stricken.

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'Leave the door open and the lamp burning all night in the cottage, and do not stir from the house for a moment. Oh, if she should come home and find nobody waiting to welcome her!' wrote Catherine in a hurried tremulous scrawl which poor Miss Dulcinea, blind with tears, could hardly read. 'There has been a clue. They have found a policeman who saw a tall girl in a blue dress and black hat walking in Belgrave Square at about nine o'clock on Saturday morning. He remembers her because he thought of warning her not to carry her purse so openly in her hand; but, seeing she looked very strong and determined and well able to take care of herself, he said nothing after all. There is no doubt it was my darling, for her plain blue serge dress and her black hat are missing from her wardrobe. She carried no bag nor parcel, he is quite certain of that; so, wherever she went, there could have been nothing premeditated. She did not look agitated nor upset in the least, so she cannot have heard the dreadful news of poor Cecil's death. He says he is certain he would have observed anything unusual about her, because he took particular notice of her being such a fine healthy upright young lady; but though she passed close to him he had nothing to say of her beauty, nor did he remember the colour of her hair. Where she was going we cannot tell. Oh, dear Aunt Dulcinea, you can do nothing but pray for her and watch for her, and as you love me, never leave the cottage day or night lest she should come.'

'David, *that woman knows.*'

'What woman?'

'Mme. Minart.'

'What makes you think so?'

'That is just it. I have no reason that I can ask you or George or anyone else to listen to,' said Catherine almost wildly. 'You can call it instinct if you like—a woman's instinct—or a mother's. But directly she touched me I *knew*, when she put me into the chair by the window last night and I felt her strong hands and saw her dark clever face bending over me, and looking sorry—sorry for me—clever people can't help being sorry for their victims, you know; it is only fools who don't pity and who think of nothing but themselves. It flashed across me then that she knew where Philippa was, and that it was her doing. But how can I expect you or George to believe me when I have no better reason to give

you than that? I told the inspector or detective or whoever he is, Mr. Mills, directly he came.'

'What did he say?'

She shook her head.

'Instinct is sometimes a surer guide than reason,' said David soothingly.

'Look here, Catherine,' said George bluntly and kindly, 'don't go worrying about anyone's opinion of the strength of your reasoning, tell us exactly what *you* think. No one else knows her so well. And don't stand while you're talking. You look like a washed-out rag; knocking yourself up won't do any good.'

Catherine took the chair he pushed forward, and seated herself in mechanical obedience, but she never moved her bright, feverish eyes from David's face. It was in his wit she sought for help; she trusted George's kindness, but had no belief in his intelligence.

'I know this,' she said solemnly, 'that as for an elopement, as these men suggest—oh, what do they not suggest?—,' said Catherine almost writhing, 'a—*a* clandestine love affair or anything of that kind—it is not in Phil's nature. She would never be persuaded—*nobody* could persuade her to do a thing she would know to be wrong or improper. In some ways she is the very soul of conscientiousness—of—of conventionality. But this woman—who had so much influence over her—'

'Mme. Minart had influence over Philippa? She had scarcely known her a fortnight,' said David quickly.

'When one is young—a fortnight—a week—a day—is sometimes an age,' said Catherine; 'I have known a girl give her very heart—let her whole life be changed—in a shorter time than that.' The colour of her white face never varied, and she spoke with straightforward simplicity, but both men knew that she was thinking of herself. 'From the letters she wrote me I know that Mme. Minart obtained an influence over her directly after she came. Philippa was too guileless to conceal it, even if she had wished. She had formed a friendship for Augusta, but I read between the lines of her dear letters that Augusta had disillusioned her, as was inevitable, and that Mme. Minart had consoled her. Poor child! At her age one must idealise someone.'

'What do you think Mme. Minart has done?'

'I believe she has inspired someone to decoy my Phil away. The child would be easily imposed upon, for she would have no suspicions of anyone. And it must be for money; it could not be

for anything else. If it were not for the certainty I feel of this I should go mad,' said Catherine, with dry eyes and calm voice. 'But it could not be to anyone's interest to harm my darling, even if a woman whom Philippa in her innocence loved and believed in could have the heart to betray her to—anything bad. It could not. She is being hidden away in the hopes of a reward.'

'It seems the most probable explanation,' said David.

'Can't the woman be arrested on suspicion?' said George angrily.

'Mr. Mills says she has given them no excuse whatever for arresting her.'

'She is a stranger and a foreigner. Isn't that excuse enough?' growled George.

Catherine smiled wearily.

'He also thinks in our own interests it is better not. She gave them every information they asked concerning her last interview with Philippa, and never faltered nor contradicted herself. And she said that as she considered herself in charge of Philippa, she courted the fullest inquiry; and gave them the addresses of her last employers, and of her friend at the registry office, and begged them to search her room or her papers or do anything they chose. He warned her that she would be arrested if she made the slightest attempt to leave the house.'

'Just to put her on her guard, I suppose,' said George.

'Perhaps he only said it to frighten her. He is having her watched.'

'Suppose we ask to see her,' said George. 'It might be the simplest plan, since she knows she is suspected. We could threaten her with the law, and give her a chance of escaping punishment by an immediate confession.'

Catherine shook her head.

'It will be of no use.'

'How do you know that?' said David quickly.

'Because I went on my knees to her this morning,' said Catherine, in the same passionless even tones. 'If tears would have melted a stone, they would have melted her heart; but they did not. I went into her room where she lay asleep—in the dawn—and I woke her, and I prayed her to tell me, and she answered that I was mad with grief, and pretended to be full of concern and pity; but it was no longer the real pity that I saw in her face that first night. She has hardened her heart.'

David looked at Catherine pitifully. Her gentle face was pinched and colourless, grown old in a single night with misery; her hazel eyes were unnaturally large, and though her manner was calm, it was only by an intense effort of self-control that that calm was sustained.

Under his look of compassion her lip quivered suddenly.

'Help me to find her,' she said, and put a soft, cold hand into his strong fingers.

'I'm going to,' he said briefly. 'Now you've given me full authority to act for you. But I like my information first hand. I should like to see Mme. Minart myself.'

'Yes.'

'Mr. Mills has given me the facts as he has collected them; let me collect my own.'

'Very well, send for whom you choose. If I go out meanwhile,' said Catherine, 'will you not leave the house till I return?'

'I will not.'

'Then I will go and see if Lady Sarah knows anything. She is very clever,' said Catherine, 'but I shall be very quickly back.'

A polite message was sent to Mme. Minart, and she presently came very quietly into the room, bowed to both gentlemen, and accepted the chair that David offered.

'Am I again to be cross-examined?' she said with a faint smile.

'If you please,' said David very courteously, 'but of course you will understand that we have no authority whatever to ask you questions. I am venturing to assume,' he looked keenly at her, 'that you are as anxious as we are ourselves that this matter should be cleared up, and the young lady found. We are sure you wish her no harm.'

'You do me justice, and you are the first to do so,' said Mme. Minart in a voice of emotion, and her dark, liquid eyes met his gaze. 'Will you believe me, Monsieur le Colonel, if I tell you that I love this child with all my heart, though I have known her so short a time; that I have never had any pupil to show me so much love, so much candour, so much generosity?'

'Indeed I believe you,' said David warmly, for the ring of sincerity in her beautiful voice was unmistakable. He held out his hand to her.

'I thank you, Monsieur. You are not then of those who would doubt me, like these stupid police, only because I am a stranger and a foreigner?'

George pulled his moustache and knew not where to look.

'Hang it all,' he thought uneasily, 'one would suppose she had been listening.'

But Mme. Minart was not of those who need to listen. A glance at the rubicund good-natured countenance of George, now darkened by his openly suspicious and hostile expression, enabled her to divine his sentiments.

She instantly ignored him, and appealed only to David's finer intelligence and quicker sympathies.

'I have written down,' she said simply, 'the exact facts—the hours—all I can remember of my conversation with Philippa—to help the police. Here it is.'

She handed some notes across the table, inscribed in a minute exquisite French hand.

He read them carefully. 'Thank you. Was Philippa in good spirits?'

'More than good spirits—excited, delighted with the triumph of her *début*.'

'You went into her room?'

'As you will see written. I assisted her to bed. She said she was too sleepy to plait her hair as usual. I promised that she should not be called until ten o'clock unless she rang.'

'Did she not ring on Saturday morning?'

'The servants say not.'

'What was the exact hour that her absence was discovered?'

'Between nine-thirty and ten Roper knocked at her door and found her room empty.'

'But the policeman saw her out of doors soon after nine. So she must have left her room before nine.'

'Obviously.'

'Did no one see her go downstairs?'

'They say not.'

'You say that Lady Adelstane was, very naturally, overcome by the news which was taken to her at nine o'clock?'

'Lady Adelstane had an attack,' said Mme. Minart, in brief, expressive tones; 'to you I speak frankly—she had hysterics. The house was roused.'

'Who went to her?'

'Her maid was with her, and Mrs. Joliffe the housekeeper, but she was of no use—weeping and crying. Holland sent for Roper; she would not send for me, because she was jealous, but I went.'

The head-housemaid answered the bell, and the doctor was sent for.'

'Who went for the doctor?'

'No one went—the butler telephoned.'

'Who went down to tell the butler?'

'The housemaid.'

'What was Roper doing?'

Mme. Minart shrugged her shoulders.

'Rubbing Miladi's hands, holding the salts to her nose; bathing her head. The two maids held together. They would not let me help. I made suggestions and opened the windows.'

'Who remained in the room when the doctor came?'

'Holland and Roper. I remained in the dressing-room with Mrs. Joliffe.'

'That was at ten o'clock?'

'He was gone before ten o'clock.'

'And then Roper went upstairs to her young lady?'

'She went downstairs first to fetch her young lady's cup of tea, and then up to her room.'

'Did you not think it strange Philippa should hear none of this commotion?'

'No; Philippa's room is on the floor above, and not over or anywhere near Miladi's room. It is shut off by a baize door from the front part of the house.'

'Where is your room?'

'Down the same passage.'

'And Roper's?'

'Further down the same passage.'

'When Roper found Philippa's room empty what did she do?'

'She went to the breakfast-room, and, finding no one there, supposed Philippa had gone to Miladi while she was fetching the tea. She waited an hour outside Miladi's room till Holland came out, not daring to knock because the doctor had given a composing draught. Then she learnt that Philippa had not been near Miladi, and then she came to me. I was having my breakfast in the morning room as usual.'

'Had you not been anxious to know how Philippa would take the news of her cousin's death?'

'I had promised to leave her old nurse to tell her, and withdrawn myself from the affair. I thought she would come to me.

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When it became evident she was not in the house, we thought she had heard the news and gone out to telegraph to her mother. At twelve Miladi sent for her, and we were obliged to say she could not be found. Miladi thought she had heard the news and gone home, and was very angry. But Pilkington sent a telegram to the station-master at Ilverton to know if Philippa had arrived, and the reply came that she had not. Miladi grew frightened and telegraphed to Lady Adelstane to come.'

'Thank you very much. And now tell us,' said David very simply, 'what do you think?'

'I?' said Mme. Minart, and a sudden colour flushed her olive cheeks.

'I believe you could help us better than anyone, for you have been Philippa's friend and *confidante* during these past days that she has been away from her mother's care. If there was anything on her mind, you would know it.'

'Was she in any scrape?' said George bluntly.

Mme. Minart scarcely deigned to glance at him.

'Certainly not,' she said in disdain.

'Was she—' David hesitated and coloured all over his bronzed face, the more deeply because he was aware that Mme. Minart was observing him. 'Had you any reason to think that she was—or fancied herself—in love?'

'Ah, Monsieur,' said Mme. Minart gently, 'would you have me betray a young girl's secret if that was so?'

'Nonsense, she's scarcely more than a child, and in any case her secret would be safe enough with us,' said George. 'Then there is something of that kind?'

'She has not told me so,' said Mme. Minart coldly.

David came to her side, and took her hand in his impulsive fashion.

'Madame,' he said, 'we are asking you to trust us. This child is very dear to us both, for her own sake, and her mother's. Do not, out of mistaken kindness, endeavour to keep back anything.'

'That is the only motive you would attribute to me, Monsieur?' said Mme. Minart emotionally.

'I would not insult you—after the appeal you have made to us, your voluntary declaration of your affection for her—by supposing that any other motive save kindness to her, or to us, would influence you to keep back information which might help us to find her,' he said warmly.

Mme. Minart looked up into the kind, frank, manly face with a very agitated smile, and a tear in her dark eyes.

'Ah, Monsieur,' she said, 'you would never appeal in vain, believe me, to a woman. It is true that the child is in love; but it is also true that she has not told me so, for a very simple reason.'

'And that is——'

'That she does not know it herself.'

'Then it is mere conjecture on your part?' said George roughly.

'If you like to put it in that way, yes, Monsieur,' she retorted. 'And for that reason I do not choose to reveal the name of him to whom I believe this young girl, in all innocence, has given her heart.'

'Then I don't see the use of your having told us the fact,' said George sulkily.

'It is of no use, for it can have nothing to do with her disappearance, since he also is of those who search,' she said patiently. 'M. le Colonel, however, asked me the question.'

'And I thank you for answering it,' said David. 'But, as Mr. Chilcott says, it is not material if it has nothing to do with her disappearance, and you think it has not?'

'I am sure it has not.'

'Then what *do* you think?' he asked, fixing his eyes entreatingly on her face.

'Ah, mon Dieu, Monsieur,' said Mme. Minart in agitated tones, 'you torture me when you question me thus. Do you think I would not help you if I could?' Her voice was low, almost tender, her dark eyes eloquent with reproach. 'Myself, I have the conviction, like Miladi, that she will return safe and sound. She is full of romance. Who can tell where she may have been pleased to go? Comfort yourself to think she is strong and healthy, and that she had a purse full of money, and is well able to take care of herself.'

'No girl of that age *can* take care of herself,' said George sternly.

This was the end of their questioning of Mme. Minart, and they felt they had gained nothing from the interview, which had the effect, however, of dispersing David's suspicions of the companion; and the more especially when the tearful Roper, though evidently detesting her, corroborated her story in every detail.

'She knows nothing,' said David to George.

'I am not so sure,' said George.

'My dear fellow, you mistrust her, as she says, merely because she is a stranger and a foreigner.'

'Perhaps. Anyway, I don't believe a word she says,' he replied very bluntly.

'You think Catherine's suspicions are justified then?'

'I don't know what to think. The only sure thing is that Philippa has disappeared, and it's either that she's gone off for a lark, which doesn't seem the least like her, or that she's been decoyed away for blackmailing purposes by someone who had heard of poor Adelstane's death and knew she was his heiress.'

'Aye, that's just it,' interposed David, 'that practically exonerates Mme. Minart. How in the name of fortune could she have made up a plot to get Philippa decoyed away, which would necessarily mean employing an accomplice, within a couple of hours of the first possible moment she could have learnt of poor Adelstane's fate?'

George shook his head.

'Perhaps we are all wrong in mixing up this sad event with Philippa's disappearance. She may simply have gone out to buy something; lost her way and strayed into some unfrequented street—God knows what may have happened to her in that case.'

'Do not put that into Catherine's head,' said David hastily. 'No doubt that is what the police fear. Of course there is just the chance, though—'

'Well—'

'Mme. Minart believes her to be in love; of course it's with this young ass, Kentisbury, who made a conspicuous fool of himself at the Lundys' dance, following her about,' said David rather savagely. 'She may have taken fright—at him, or herself, or something—girls are very fanciful, you know—and be hiding herself. It doesn't sound probable, but it's possible.'

'It's not at all like Philippa. She is a thoroughly healthy, sensible girl, not a mysterious idiot,' said George stoutly. 'And I don't believe Mme. Minart knows her half so well as she pretends to. Phil is a bit spoilt and obstinate, but she's a well-bred 'un, not the least likely to give herself away if she was in love a dozen times over, with Kentisbury or any other young fool.'

'I had almost rather it was with any other young fool; the fellow looks such a confounded noodle,' said David gloomily.

Catherine knelt by Lady Sarah's chair, and hid her face upon the flowered lilac satin sleeves of Lady Sarah's gown.

For the first time since the blow had fallen she found a moment's comfort in human sympathy.

'My poor child—my darling Catherine,' murmured the old woman in a broken voice hardly recognisable as her own; and the rare painful tears of age dropped slowly, one by one, on to the bent head, where threads of silver shone among the soft brown hair.

'And it is I who should be comforting you—who have lost your—your last child,' Catherine sobbed. 'I feel so disloyal, so heartless, when I think of *him*; and yet—this other trouble has swallowed up everything.'

'It is Philippa who is my last child now,' said Lady Sarah. 'Do not give way, my darling. It is the living of whom we must think, not the dead. *His* hopes, like ours, were bound up in her.'

The hand which rested on Catherine's soft hair trembled slightly. She thought remorsefully that it was she who had advised Catherine to part with her child; and that Catherine had not uttered a single reproach, nor reminded her of the fact which Lady Sarah could not forget.

'You know that Augusta has been here? She is going to the Abbey with you to-morrow, she says.'

'But I am not going to stay,' said Catherine. 'I shall get there in time for—for the inquest. But directly that is over—oh, how dreadful, how dreadful it all is!—David says I shall be able to come straight back. I need not stay the night. I could not. And besides—the Ralts are going to stay with her. She says she does not want them, but it is better they should go, and Grace Trumoin will go too. The Ralts have been very kind. They have placed a motor at David's disposal. They say we shall have more clues by the time I return, to follow up.'

'Catherine, save your strength for to-morrow, and rest to-night.'

'How can I rest, and my darling perhaps—' she gave a little cry and shudder. 'I dare not think. I must not stay with you even now. But I felt you had been neglected, and I hoped you might have some idea—some suggestion.' She uttered a little mirthless laugh that went to Lady Sarah's heart. 'But perhaps you are too wise to offer suggestions that almost drive one mad with their unlikelihood. The detective, Mr. Mills, has been questioning and questioning till I am almost mad. And then one must go

through it all again with somebody else. He asked me if she had been happy at home. My little Phil, my baby, for whom I would lay down my life; was she happy with me?' She looked calmly and with inexpressible sadness at Lady Sarah. 'And the dreadful part is this—that I could not honestly say yes,' said Catherine.

'Hush, my darling, hush! you little foolish creature,' said Lady Sarah, to whom Catherine, even yet, seemed almost a child herself. 'She was as happy as the day is long. She had everything to make her happy.'

'She did not think so,' said Catherine with a wan smile. 'That is the sad, funny thing, you know. It wasn't our love, nor our care and petting she wanted, but something new, something different.'

'Girls are full of fancies and ingratitude, and senselessness,' said Lady Sarah angrily. 'You are a fool, my love, to dwell upon such nonsense.'

'Girls are full of fancies—yes, that is what Mr. Mills said,' said Catherine wearily, and she leaned her head on her hand, and thought of the questions she had been asked, and which she had resented, in the midst of her anxiety to afford every possible help, every imaginable clue, to the questioner.

'Happy? How can I say? I've thought of nothing but her happiness from morning till night. What has that to do with her disappearance? She has been decoyed away,' she had said.

'Madam, in our experience it has a good deal to do with girls of that age leaving their homes,' the inspector had answered bluntly. 'At fifteen or sixteen they often get, if you'll excuse me, ma'am, discontented with everything, no matter what's done for them; fancying no one understands them, or working themselves up so that you'd almost begin to believe they were ill-treated, though you know to the contrary.' Then he had been touched by Catherine's distress and had begged her pardon. 'You'll excuse my plain speaking, ma'am, but I've daughters of my own,' he said compassionately. 'Dealing with some girls of that age is like treading on eggs. And it stands to reason that a young lady accustomed to indulge every whim—'

'She was not,' cried Catherine.

But the inspector had heard a very different story from Augusta, who, being in an excessively injured frame of mind, and feeling that, at least, she could not be held responsible for the disposition of Catherine's daughter, had vented her indignation against Philippa by roundly declaring her to be the most ungrateful, pig-headed,

wilful, sullen-tempered girl in the world, who cared for nothing but having her own way, and who thought of nobody but herself from morning till night.

But Catherine was fortunately all unaware of the character which Augusta had drawn of her young cousin and guest.

Lady Sarah shook her head sadly.

'It is all a mystery to me,' she said. 'I saw next to nothing of Philippa—Augusta took care of that.'

'The description of my darling will be in every newspaper in England to-morrow,' said Catherine. 'I wrote it for them. They said there was no hope of avoiding publicity, and that indeed publicity gives us the best chance of finding her quickly.'

She started nervously to her feet.

'I must go. I feel every moment something may be happening, and I not there to help.'

'Don't forget me,' said Lady Sarah pathetically. 'Spare me a few moments when you can. I am very old and helpless and lonely, Catherine, sitting here by myself.'

Even in the midst of her heart-sickening anxiety Catherine could not but realise how shaken the old woman's nerves must be before Lady Sarah—stern, ironical, and self-controlled through all her past sorrows—could make such an appeal.

*(To be continued.)*

*SIXTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS.*

*SOME PASSAGES BY THE WAY.*

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

I.

MY START IN LIFE.

IN the course of a lecturing tour which befel eight years ago, announcement in the local papers that I was to visit Gloucester brought me a letter from an unknown correspondent urgently asking for an interview. Having half an hour to spare, I called and heard the interesting disclosure that I, as head of the Hereford branch of the Lucy family, am the rightful owner of Charlecote.

I bore the news with philosophical calmness, but was interested in the voluminous notes of pedigree my friend in his zeal had acquired. They showed, what is an uncontested fact, that in the year 1786 George Lucy of Charlecote died childless. There was much hunting for the heir, resulting in the claim of a Mr. Hammond, a second cousin of the late lord of Charlecote, being conceded. Whereupon he, by sign manual, took the name of Lucy. According to my informant, my forbears, then living in Ledbury, whose church still shelters monuments to dead-and-gone Lucys, should have fought for their own. Probably in those days of slack intercommunication they never heard of the sudden death of the intestate owner of Charlecote. However it be, I must leave the responsibility with them.

I was born at Crosby, near Liverpool, on December 5. It is characteristic of the haphazard ways of the household to which I was introduced that it is at this time uncertain whether the year was 1844 or 1845. With old-age pensions in view, I begin to think it must have been 1844. Crosby at that time was a rural village. Certainly there was a garden attached to our house, as I remember my mother telling me how my father used to carry me round it, picking for me the largest strawberries.

Even at the time this was told me I thought it notable, since it was about all he ever did for me. An engraver in the watch

trade, admittedly of great taste and skill, he never within my knowledge was capable of making both ends meet. His father was a well-to-do old gentleman with a large family, amongst whom on his death he equally divided his fortune. I do not remember the legacy making any appreciable difference in our household. Probably it was mortgaged in advance. My grandfather lived in a terrace of white houses at Seacombe, facing the river and Liverpool. I recollect only once finding myself in his august presence. He was sitting at one side of the fireplace (left-hand side going in), a prim gentleman dressed in black, with a white neck-cloth and a chilling aspect. On the other side of the fireplace sat an old lady, also bolt upright, in a black gown, with a colossal white cap on her head, on the whole of a kindlier aspect.

There came to me in due order of bequeathal their portraits, painted more than a hundred years ago by a master-hand. They hang in our dining-room in London, and follow the comings and goings of their grandson with wondering eyes. My grandfather put me through a tremendous examination, chiefly in arithmetic, and when it was over gave me fourpence. From the length of the examination I expected at least half a crown. As it turned out, fourpence was the kinder gift. At that time there was stationed at the approach to St. George's Landing Stage at Liverpool a man with a truck on which was displayed a tempting array of a compound resembling very stiff batter pudding. Greyish-white in hue, here and there a raisin was ostentatiously stuck on the surface. It was sold in slabs, a penny each. Passing homeward, I invested half my capital in this nameless substance. I was dreadfully ill after eating it, and see now the finger of Providence in my grandfather's restraint from opulent generosity. If he had given me the half-crown and I had bought fifteen pennyworth of this stuff, my career, not yet started, would never have been run. 'Called hence by early doom,' I should have 'lived but to show how sweet a flower in Paradise might bloom.'

## II.

### IN THE HIDE AND VALONIA BUSINESS.

That at the age of twelve I should have won the head prize in a school of five hundred boys demonstrated that there was nothing further for me to learn. Accordingly, thus mature in



years, I entered the office of Messrs. King & Son, stock and share brokers, Liverpool, at a weekly wage of 3s. 6d.

I have often wished I had stayed longer in this office. Acquaintance with stockbroking and the ways of the Stock Exchange forms a useful addition to general knowledge. It certainly would have been much more valuable than the insight into the hide and valonia business I next had an opportunity of acquiring. My Stock Exchange connexion was prematurely cut short by a failing never eradicated. I had to be at the office by nine o'clock, and I rarely was. After one or two remonstrances, Mr. King gave me a week's notice. Thus was I shipwrecked on the very threshold of life. I remember, walking home on the last night of my engagement, coming up with another little office-boy also homeward bound. We did not know each other, had never been introduced, but, after the manner of boys, fell into conversation and exchanged confidences. I was sad at heart, comparing my lot with his: he a trusted, probably a treasured, assistant in a commercial house; I disgraced, dismissed with 3s. 6d. in my pocket, and no prospect of any in the following week or in those that would immediately succeed it.

My mother went to my old schoolmaster, who speedily put me on the track of another engagement. This was with Mr. Robert Smith, hide merchant. Mr. Smith was a deacon at the Crescent Chapel and a member of the school committee, a noteworthy man who, directly and indirectly, had considerable influence on my life. His office was in Redcross Street, a worm-eaten, rat-haunted place in a courtyard near the docks. On one side stood the warehouse, an old building which dated back almost to the founding of Liverpool's fortunes. It has disappeared long ago; probably fell down, as the workmen used to tell me it certainly would.

Mr. Smith was not in a large way of business, and the clerical staff was limited. There was an old gentleman, formerly a prosperous hide merchant, who had come down in the world, and was glad to take the 30s. or 40s. a week offered him by the frugal Smith. I always had a notion, of course purely imaginative, that poor old Tunstall when he took service had promised to bring over some of the customers who had contributed to the fortunes of his own house when he was a merchant prince. They never came, and that was a circumstance that did not assist Mr. Smith in overlooking the broken-down

old man's habit of midday tipping. He and I shared a desk. Across the waste of years I smell the caraway-seed he assiduously chewed on returning from one of his excursions to report on some cargo of hides he had been examining or valonia he had been sampling.

Between these two men there was a universe of difference. Old Tunstall, with his red nose growing too weak to carry the glasses he wore on its very tip, shambling about the office in his shabby black clothes, pen in hand, crunching his caraway-seed and affecting to be stupendously busy: prim Robert Smith, tall, erect, spotless in his attire—a blue frock-coat, buff waistcoat, grey trousers with riding-straps tightly holding them over his square-toed shoes. He was, I think, a kind-hearted man, but he was not genial. When the odour of caraway-seed was exceptionally pungent it was painful to see him cast upon old Tunstall a look of withering indignation, anger, and scorn that made me tremble in my boots. That I wore boots is a fact that proves Mr. Smith was not so tyrannical as memory recalls him. For himself he had worn shoes all his life, and he had no patience with people who preferred boots. One recommendation about his shoes he, really anxious for my welfare, pointed out was that, having them made exactly the same shape, he could change them about every morning, and so wear them evenly on sole and heel.

'What do you want with lefts and rights?' he used to ask me, as if I were responsible for the introduction and prevalence of the national custom.

He cherished a deeply rooted objection to the use of envelopes. All the correspondence of the office was carried on upon smooth blue paper of letter size, a make extinct now, I fancy. It was folded over and fastened with a wafer, and woe to me if the corners were not true and square.

Mr. Smith lived in a house facing a pleasant walled garden in Breck Road, now a nest of jerry-built cottages. Office work began at nine in the morning and finished at any time in the evening between six and eight. On Saturday afternoons we were supposed to make holiday. When I first went to Redcross Street it was one of my multifarious duties to walk up to Breck Lodge every Saturday afternoon for clean towels. As it was three miles from the office this pretty well disposed of my half-holiday. Two small towels were doled out to us every week, Mr. Smith,

though scrupulously clean himself, not thinking it necessary we should waste his time at the office with undue ablutions. It occurred to me that if I brought down four or six towels at a time I might sometimes have a Saturday afternoon for other purposes. It was long before I carried the point. For years 'the boy' had gone on Saturday afternoon to Breck Lodge with two soiled towels, bringing down two clean ones on Monday mornings, and if the rule were broken no one could say what would happen.

Everything in Mr. Smith's house and office went by rule. So abject was the terror in which everyone near him lived that the housekeeper had quite a turn when I broached the subject. A dear old thing was Anne, one of my earliest friends. With a maid-of-all-work and occasional assistance from Joseph, who doubled the functions of gardener and coachman, she managed the household. Her kitchen was a paradise of cleanness and neatness, with bright brass pans flashing on the walls, and a steel fender, the like of which was never seen on sea or land, gleaming in the firelight. Very early in our acquaintance Anne took to asking me to tea, when I, towel-laden, made my weekly visit: tea with real cream in it, cakes of her own making, bread-and-butter, jam galore, now and then, when fortune favoured the hens, an egg.

Joseph was a big, heavy-limbed, red-and-white-faced man, brought from Bolton cheap. He had an ineradicable objection to brushing his boots, whether as to soles or uppers, and as a consequence was never permitted to enter Anne's kitchen. If he had anything to say, he stood at the open door and bawled it out, or made uncouth signs at the window.

It shocked my sense of propriety even in those childhood days to see Joseph sitting behind his master on the dogcart driving down to the office, the one looking as if he had stepped out of an old picture-frame, the other frowsy, unwashed, with garden soil clinging to his boots, and hairs from the horse's coat speckling his garments. Thought and speech came slowly to Joseph, the mechanism being curiously assisted by a habit of unfastening the last two buttons of his waistcoat. As daily life presented many problems, Joseph's waistcoat was rarely fully buttoned, a peculiarity that did not add a touch of smartness. He was, however, a capital gardener, growing whole beds of sweet-smelling flowers, stocks, sweet Williams, verbenas, wallflowers, with here and there the glory of a rose-bush. Sometimes when I

walked through the garden on the way home and came across Mr. Smith, he would say, 'Henery'—he could not make too much of me, so added a syllable to my Christian name—'would you like some flowers?'

I would indeed. So we walked round the garden, and he picked out all the full-blown roses on the verge of dissolution and any other flowers the judicious cutting of which would improve root or bush. Though on beneficence bent, Mr. Smith ever had a frugal mind. His fitful generosity rose to reckless heights when, at the close of seven years' service on a very miserable salary (quite as much as I was worth in the hide and valonia line), he, as a parting gift, presented me with a five-pound note and some books. In view of the act of grace he went about his library on the principle that guided his steps in the garden—weeding it out, as it were. The volumes, being chiefly of a theological character, made quaint additions to my treasured possessions. But a book is a book, and I was glad to have these, just as I was really grateful for the faded flowers.

Seven years I served Mr. Smith. How I managed to stay and how he managed to keep me are alike inexplicable.

'I like the smell of a good hide, Henery,' he sometimes said, regarding me with stern reproach.

On my soul and conscience I could make no sympathetic response, for I hated the smell and loathed the touch. Almost worse was the valonia. This, I may mention for the guidance of the uninitiated, is a tanning substance imported from the Levant in appearance something like the acorn, with a supernatural capacity for creating dust. We had many samples in the office spread out on brown paper on a broad desk close by mine. I suspected at the time, and am now certain, that when Mr. Smith came up to this desk, got hold of a sample of valonia, shook it violently about and buried his face in the cloud of dust by way of smelling it, he was thinking more of me than of the quality of the valonia he affected to test. He knew I was privately possessed of a duster with which, when left in the office by myself, I used to free my desk from the abominated dust. He did not mean it unkindly. It was discipline intended for my good here and hereafter.

## III.

## POETRY AND PHONOGRAPHY.

The weakness that proved my ruin at Messrs. King's was not overcome by the consequent disaster. I was rarely at Redcross Street by nine o'clock, which did not matter if Mr. Smith had not arrived. Sometimes he had, and, as I had to pass his private office on the way to my desk, I caught sight of a visage clothed in simply blood-curdling wrath. His habit was to sit in his room with his door closed, but he never failed to have it wide open when he was there first and I late. I believe he, at whatever sacrifice of personal convenience, made these occasional nine-o'clock raids in order to cause me righteous uneasiness on approaching the office after nine o'clock, uncertain whether he might have arrived. In later years he devised a more ingenious and, for him, more luxurious way of doing his duty to me in this respect. He asked me to breakfast at Breck Lodge, and as the time was eight o'clock, it practically came to pass that I was obliged to be in evidence fully an hour before the ordinary office time. Many a miserable night I spent in anticipation of the necessity of breakfasting at Breck Lodge at eight in the morning.

I seem to have been nearly always in disgrace, earliest of all in connection with the old warehouse in Redcross Street. From the topmost floor on the fifth storey there projected a crane with a long chain and a gigantic hook at the end. This was designed to haul up bales of hides or sacks of valonia for storage in the various rooms. I spent a good deal of time in this old warehouse on friendly terms with the men. When they were lowering bales or sacks I was accustomed, being in the yard, to plant a foot in the hook, fold one leg round the returning chain, and, gripping it with both hands, triumphantly ascend. Once, when I had got as far as the third storey and was still slowly ascending, I heard a familiar footstep in the arched passage that led into the yard. Presently Mr. Smith emerged, and stood staring at me. Of course I could not descend. The men were working on the topmost storey and the winch seemed to be hauling very slowly. As I turned round and round like a goose on a turnspit I caught glimpses far below of a terrible face regarding me. He did not say

a word, but stood there till I was safely landed. Then his voice rang out sharp as a pistol-shot. 'Henery!' he called, and, turning, walked with long stride up the steps to his office, where I presently followed and had a very bad quarter of an hour.

His wrath, fortunately, had time to cool before another accident befel me in the very same yard. I was always fond of a horse and would ride anything. When there was nothing else available I used to mount the leading horse of the team taking out a load or an empty cart from the warehouse. Egress to the street was obtained through a narrow covered passage with just room enough for the massive lorries, as they were called, to pass in and out, with space for a chance passer-by if he didn't mind squeezing himself against the wall. One afternoon, mounted on the leading horse of a loaded lorry, I had ridden midway down the passage, when Mr. Smith suddenly turned the corner from the street and approached the yard. If I could have got inside the horse I would have done so. Failing that, there was nothing but to go forward, and as Mr. Smith drew himself up against the wall for the team to pass, my foot almost impinged on the purity of his buff waistcoat.

What an expressive face he had! I have never before or since seen anyone who could look so eloquently angry and speak never a word. He had a lovely chestnut mare. Bess was her name, and many a gallop I have had with her. When we left Redcross Street and went to King Street there were no stables attached to the office. Mr. Smith coming down in the morning, it fell to my lot, amongst multifarious duties much less agreeable, to take the mare to the livery stable. Riding or driving, we ever reached our destination by a circuitous route, and had to go pretty fast, as prolonged absence might have led to awkward inquiries.

On Fridays the local hide market was held in a street out of London Road. Mr. Smith rode down to the office about ten o'clock to read the letters, and then proceeded to the market. In the meantime I was told off to 'mind the mare,' which, construed by a well-regulated mind, meant walking her up and down the street for a quarter or sometimes half an hour. I never took that view of my duty. As soon as Mr. Smith was safely in his room immersed in his letters, I shortened the stirrups, got some passer-by to give me a leg-up, and was off at a smart trot, past the Custom House and up Duke Street, a broad and comparatively quiet thoroughfare where there was opportunity for a spanking trot. I managed to

get back in good time, lengthened the stirrups, and when Mr. Smith came down to set off for the hide market nothing save a tendency to hard breathing on the part of Bess hinted at occurrence of any impropriety.

One morning catastrophe befel. Either I went too far or the correspondence was unusually brief. However it be, Mr. Smith came down, and I was unfortunately somewhere near the top of Duke Street, a good mile and a half off, riding back rapidly but still too late. When I reached King Street, Mr. Smith, after, as I heard, fuming terribly, had taken a cab and gone off to the market. When he came back, a good hour later, I was quietly leading Bess up and down. He gave me one of his withering glances, but as usual did not speak. The warehouseman was sent down to relieve me. I went upstairs, sat at my desk, and became terribly busy. A terrible voice, three-syllabled in its wrath, called out 'Henery!'

'Henery,' he said, when I went in to him, 'do you want to leave my service?'

'No, sir,' I answered.

'Then don't do that again.' And there the conversation ended.

There was nearing the severance of my companionship with Bess and the beginning of the end of my connection with hides and valonia. One day there joined the little office staff a young giant, Fred Gough by name. He was the son of a tanner, one of our customers. With the family Mr. Smith cultivated friendly relations which in later years culminated in his marrying Fred's widowed mother. A good-natured, hearty, genial fellow was Fred, gifted with a fine bass voice. In occasional moments of relaxation, when Mr. Smith was on afternoon 'Change,' good for an hour's absence, we used to draw round the fireplace and Fred sang 'The Wolf' and other songs of tremendous volume. By a pleasant fiction, he was understood to be my junior. When I saw him stand on a chair and with perfect ease wind the clock over the fireplace I felt my occupation was gone. It was only by planting two press-letter books on the loftiest stool in the office that I was able through a long series of Monday mornings to wind the clock.

Fred immediately forestalled me in the matter of looking after Bess. He took her to the livery stable in the morning and rode her home to Breck Lodge on the occasional evenings when

Mr. Smith was going straight from the office to a tea-party or a prayer meeting.

What was even more important was that Fred's appearance in the office crushed out the last hope or opportunity of my promotion. There was a time when—Heaven help me!—I quite resigned myself to hides and valonia, was even eagerly looking forward to promotion, which, if it had come, would have satisfied my aspirations. Shortly after we removed from the musty warehouse to King Street poor old Tunstall broke down, and quitted a world that had grown a homeless place for him. This left a clerical staff composed of the gentleman who combined the functions of cashier and bookkeeper and myself. Mr. Raleigh—George Gordon Raleigh was his full name, possessing a sonority which had a great charm for my ear—elected to take Tunstall's place, going out into dank cellars, sniffing at hides, and burying his nose in valonia dust as he had seen Mr. Smith do. Thus the way was open for me to Raleigh's place, and I cherished the hope that it was to be mine. This was encouraged by two circumstances. One was that a boy was engaged to do some of my work, and I did all Raleigh's. I kept the books, made out the invoices, and had daily charge of considerable sums of money. I toiled terribly, coming down with preternatural punctuality at nine o'clock in the morning, staying at my desk till seven or eight at night.

Mr. Smith, to do him justice, never said a word to encourage my delusion, and did not increase by a penny the wage I was receiving, by this time risen by slow gradations to the princely sum of ten shillings a week, peradventure twelve and sixpence. I was patient, always naturally inclined to hope for the best and believe in the brightest. For six months I literally slaved at work which had in some measure lost its uncongeniality in presence of greater responsibility and the prospect of promotion. One morning—a Monday morning it was, I remember—there walked into the office a gentleman with sallow face and long red hair lavishly oiled. He went into Mr. Smith's room. Presently Mr. Smith brought him out to the desk at which I was struggling with a day-book nearly as big as myself, and told me in his prim matter-of-fact way that this was Mr. Blossom, and that Mr. Blossom would take Mr. Raleigh's place.

Dear old Blossom, kindest of natures, best of bookkeepers, was a man of cultured mind and artistic taste, bubbling over with



humour, with keenest, never-ending delight in Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness. If I could, without inconvenience to anybody else, have shot him dead on the spot, I believe I should have done so. In view of all the circumstances, I made believe that it was, as our mutual friend Mr. Toots used to say, 'of no consequence,' straightway moved over bag and baggage to the other side of the desk, and for the remainder of my office experience sat there, helping Blossom to make invoices and jokes. I never said a word to Mr. Smith of protest or reproach. Looking back upon the event now, I recognise in it a course of conduct one would not look for in a deacon. It was unrelieved even by the tendering of a five- or a ten-pound note in acknowledgment of at least fifty pounds I had saved him in wages. I now see in it the happiest deliverance that ever befel me. It was not only that I, being almost in the toils, was delivered from the destiny of the commercial clerk, but Jacob, my supplanter, was the very man whose help, often given unconsciously, was of priceless value to me at this juncture. He was an omnivorous reader and a man of pronounced literary taste.

It was no new thing for me to turn my attention towards literature. As soon as I could read I wanted to write, and did so pretty freely. My first serious work, written in my twelfth year, was an essay on King David. Lacking breadth of mind and mature judgment, I was much struck by one side of his character, and that not the most reputable. When after the first month or two in Redcross Street I got on friendly terms with Raleigh, terms that never varied during our long acquaintance, I brought this precious MS. down to the office and inflicted several pages upon him. It was written in a scathing style: the sort of thing that makes one, reflecting in maturer years, glad that King David had passed away so that there was no possibility of his seeing or hearing what I thought of the whole story of his dealings with Uriah the Hittite. Raleigh was, or professed to be, deeply shocked at the free handling of the subject.

My next work was a novel. This was chiefly written in my fourteenth year, and, judging from a fragment I came across many years after, was a particularly base imitation of the worses style of Charles Dickens. I set myself to produce a certain amount of copy every day, or rather every night, for the work was done on my return home from the office. I generally managed in the afternoon, in prolongation of invented inquiry after some invoice or

account, to get down to what was then called 'the big' Landing Stage. Walking up and down by the tide of the bustling river, I thought out incidents and characters in this masterpiece of fiction covering sufficient ground for the night's writing.

About this time I became possessor of a book that had a marked and permanent influence. I think I owe more to it than to any I ever read. It was Smiles' 'Self-Help,' and was given to me by Mr. Henry Draper, a tanner from Kenilworth. He was one of Mr. Smith's customers, and sometimes coming in to the office when I was in sole charge used to chat with me on other subjects than hides and valonia. I have the book yet with its inscription written in faded ink. Thirty years later, on board the *Teutonic*, steaming to Portsmouth to take part in the Naval Review in honour of the visit of the German Emperor, I found a fellow-guest in Mr. Smiles. I told him how I had come to read his book, and was glad of the opportunity of expressing the lifelong obligation under which it laid me. I learned from it a lesson verified by subsequent experience, that there is no royal road to any goal worth reaching; that the only effective help is self-help.

Having in the circumstances already related finally convinced myself that there was no room for me in Mr. Smith's office, I returned with more deeply rooted purpose to my old dream of literature. As far as I could see my way, I came to the conclusion that fiction offered the most successful avenue to an established position and ultimate fame. That I should get on somehow I never had the slightest doubt, a confidence not uncommon with boys who think it would be a nice thing to write books. I did not hesitate to say as much to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. I had been reading 'The Caxtons,' 'My Novel,' and a series of what I am afraid are now forgotten essays, 'Caxtoniana.' I read everything I could get hold of, but hankered after authoritative direction for a course of study. I wrote to Bulwer Lytton asking him to advise me, apologising for addressing him without being personally acquainted, mentioning in offhand fashion the certainty that some day we should 'meet on the ladder of fame.' I remember the phrase, because shortly after I had posted the letter it occurred to me that it was maladroitly expressed. Of course, if we were to meet on a ladder, as I would be going up, the author of 'My Novel' would be coming down. I do not know whether the same idea struck and affronted Sir Edward Lytton. Certainly he did not answer my letter.

Laying aside the unfinished novel, which I don't think had any plot to speak of, I took to writing short stories, all unknowing that I was attempting what to do well is an exceedingly rare accomplishment. I finished two or three and sent them the dreary round of the magazines, with stamps enclosed and a polite request for the return of the MS. if unsuited, a boon in no single instance refused. The first time I saw myself in print was as a poet. The 'Liverpool Mercury' in those days had a Poets' Corner, to which for a year or eighteen months I became an occasional contributor. It was poor stuff, but mine own, and I was much elated to see myself in print with my name fully signed.

Some time before we left Redcross Street, Raleigh had by strategic movements succeeded in getting a daily newspaper taken for office use. He began by paying for it out of his own purse. Then one week, making up the petty cash, he casually slipped in the item, "'Mercury," 6d.' As nothing was said, he boldly went on, and the daily newspaper became an institution. For a long while Mr. Smith loftily ignored it. Raleigh found an opportunity of explaining that it was necessary by reason of the advertisements of sales. It was therefore suffered, but, regarded as light literature, it was anathema. I do not fancy Mr. Smith read much, and nothing of modern literature, unless the 'Evangelical Magazine,' taken monthly, came under that denomination. His ignorance of what was going on in the world at the time must have been amazing. Since, however, the newspaper was there, and he was paying for it, he by slow degrees became a reader. He would not take it up in the morning and devour its contents as we did. Sometimes in the afternoon, his soul comforted by a rutton chop brought in from a neighbouring eating-house, he would call out, 'Henery, let me glance my eye over the "Merk'ry."' "

That was his way of putting it, and it was not without significance. Abandoned people like myself, or even George Gordon Raleigh, might, setting aside ledgers and invoices, sit over a frivolous newspaper and read it through. For him, with some consciousness that he was dallying with sin, he might in office hours 'glance his eye over the paper'—only one eye, observe. I am afraid that his habit of calling me Henery and, by way of compensation, cutting out a syllable from 'Mercury' may convey the impression that he was an illiterate man, which was certainly not the case. It was a fashion of pronunciation, perhaps local, but strongly marked.

One afternoon in King Street, nearing the time of my deliverance, I heard the sharp, peremptory voice calling out for 'the "Merk'ry."' It that day had published one of my poetical effusions—a bolder flight than usual, something, I think, in blank verse. I had spent a meagre annual holiday at Buxton, nursing a mighty muse amidst its mist-crowned hills. About this time I discovered Poe and read him with avidity. My verse was a spasmodic echo of the story of one of the beautiful and mysterious females who occasionally visited in ethereal form the sympathetic poet. It purported to relate how one of these anonymous maidens had looked me up in the loneliness of the Derbyshire hills and in musical language had bidden me be of good cheer, as eventually all would be well. I carried the 'Mercury' into Mr. Smith's office with a sickening apprehension that this female would get me into trouble. In about ten minutes I heard the cry, 'Henery!' I went into his room. There he sat, with spectacles on his forehead and the 'Mercury' in his hand, folded at the place where my verse stood prominent among the news and notes of the day.

'Is this yours?' he said, his small bright eyes fixed upon me with piercing gaze.

It was no use denying, so I boldly avowed it. Refixing his spectacles on his nose, he slowly read out the hapless verse line by line. When he came to anything approaching a trope he inquired 'what that meant,' and when I explained he asked me 'why I hadn't said so.' As for my mysterious maiden, he, so to speak, tore her frail form to shreds.

This lack of sympathy with my literary aspirations was strictly confined to Mr. Smith's room. The outer office was unfeignedly proud of my distinction, and the morning when a flash of my verse illuminated the 'Mercury' was always a cheerful time. Blossom called me 'The Poet,' a name which stuck till I left the office, and was used as constantly and as naturally as if it were my surname. Once Blossom alluding to 'the Poet' in a business conversation with one of the tanners, a stalwart giant over six feet high, he looked surprised, and said, 'Poet, what poet?'

'That one,' said Blossom, pointing to me with his pen.

'Well,' said the giant, looking down on my few inches, 'he's certainly not Longfellow.'

Good that for a tanner.

One day—I fancy in the spring of 1863—Blossom suggested

that he and I should learn shorthand, so, as he put it, we might write notes to each other across the desk at which we sat. Without definite idea whither the step might lead, I agreed. We bought Pitman's elementary books and set to work. We went on with great energy till we had mastered the alphabet and could form words of one syllable almost as fast and nearly as legibly as if they were written in longhand. This point reached, Blossom fell away. I, beginning to see that if I could not vault into literature over a three-volume novel, I might creep into journalism from the reporter's note-book, resolved to go on. It was peculiarly hard work, since, though reading came to me by nature, writing was always laborious, the work ill done. The boy or man who cannot write longhand freely and legibly may never become an adept at shorthand. I never was.

In the spring of 1864, having mastered the science of phonography and convinced myself that with practice I should speedily be able to take a verbatim report of a speech, I resolutely set myself to obtain an engagement as a reporter. I went the round of the Liverpool offices, going first, I think, to the 'Mercury,' where my halting verse had given me some kind of introduction. The editor was courteous, even kindly, but had nothing for me. Last of all, not in despair, because I meant to go on till I succeeded, I called on Edward Russell, then assistant editor of the 'Liverpool Post' in collaboration with its gifted but truculent proprietor, Mr. Whitty. At the outset this interview promised to end as the others had done. After some talk Russell began to display interest in the matter, asked me to attend a public meeting, write a summarised report and submit it to him. This I did, and he was so far satisfied as to tell me that to the first vacancy on the reporting staff I should have a good chance of being appointed. This was great encouragement. But there was a necessary indefiniteness about the arrangement, and whilst it was or was not maturing I looked out in every direction for a chance opening.

In later years I have been the regular recipient of applications from all kinds of people, young and old, who thought that by writing a letter or speaking a word I could forthwith secure their engagement on some first-class journal. It may serve a practical purpose to be precise in detailing the steps by which I finally obtained a footing on the Press. I pegged away making applications whenever I saw an advertisement. If I could not get

an opening on a reporting staff, I was ready to take any berth that would open the doors of a newspaper office to me. A corresponding clerk in the office of the 'Wolverhampton Chronicle' would not be the rose. But he would be living near it, and I fruitlessly tried for that appointment. I also made formal application for the post of shorthand writer to the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board. The salary was 100*l.* a year, just twice what I was receiving after serving a seven years' apprenticeship to hides and valonia. The providence that shapes our ends would not follow up this particular rough-hewing, and someone sure to be much better qualified for the coveted post secured it.

One day in this month of August I came across an advertisement for a chief reporter on a leading county paper. Considering I had never been even a junior reporter and had absolutely no experience on the Press, this scarcely seemed addressed to me. Nevertheless I answered it, enclosing a copy of a letter Edward Russell had written to me for use as a reference. This audaciously kind letter settled the business. The leading county paper in search of a chief reporter turned out to be the 'Shrewsbury Chronicle,' and Mr. John Watton, the proprietor, was in such a hurry to secure at the modest wage of 30*s.* a week the paragon Russell's kindly fancy had painted that he telegraphed an engagement, and urged me to join with the least possible delay.

#### IV.

##### FIRST ENGAGEMENT ON THE PRESS.

On July 22, 1864, I arrived in Shrewsbury with all my worldly goods in a tin box, bought at a second-hand shop in Dale Street, Liverpool. They did not amount to much. In money I had but a trifle over the five pounds Mr. Smith, in an ungovernable fit of generosity, presented me with. I had no introductions, did not know a soul in the town. I left my luggage at the railway-station and walked along High Street, asking my way to the 'Chronicle' office, which I found in a quaint old street that greatly charmed my young fancy. I walked up and down the opposite side once or twice, then, plunging in, announced myself and my engagement. The outer door opened on to a kind of shop that served for the publishing office. Behind the counter was a spectacled man with bushy whiskers, whom I subsequently knew

as the publisher. I explained my business. He stared at me for a moment through his glasses; then he said, 'Oh!' After which he looked at me again and when the pause was growing embarrassing added, 'You'd better come and see Mr. Watton.'

He led the way to a room on the right-hand side of the passage, and presented me to the editor and proprietor of the leading county paper. It was an odd coincidence, and I felt it a little discouraging, that Mr. Watton, on my being announced, said 'Oh!' in almost the same tone the publisher had adopted, looking me over in the same incredulous and dissatisfied manner. There was no doubt I did not in any degree come up to their ideas of what the chief reporter of a leading county paper should look like. Though turned twenty, I did not look more than sixteen or seventeen. Had I happened to present myself in jacket and trousers I might have passed for a schoolboy.

Some time later, in a moment of confidence, the publisher told me that Mr. Watton was very angry at what he was inclined to regard as an imposition, and resolved forthwith to give me notice. He did not, and when in a surprisingly short time I, having mounted to the dizzy heights of editor and part-proprietor of another paper, gave *him* notice, he, not aware of my budding greatness, caused it to be intimated to me in diplomatic fashion that if I were leaving on account of salary the difficulty would be adjusted.

Watton was a curious little man, spare in figure and, I fancied, born old. He came into the property of the 'Chronicle' as the son of his father, and, being there, edited the paper. A shy, nervous, restless man, he shut himself up in his room and spoke seldom to anyone in the office. There was a sub-editor, a poor fellow dying of consumption, who used to cough terribly on publishing nights. There was a district reporter, stationed at Welshpool, who was wont to cast around Thursday nights, when the paper should go to press, a halo of romantic interest. He usually had the proceedings at a farmers' ordinary to report, a flower show, a cattle show, or a meeting of county Members with their constituents to describe. He was an honest, hard-working Welshman, with a large family and a positive passion for sherry. If he got within reach of a sherry decanter on any of these festive occasions, either his report did not turn up at all, or it arrived opening pretty fairly, gradually deepening into absolute incoherency. Many an hour have I spent trying to make a connected story out of this gentle-

man's copy, having in the final folios no hints save a few hieroglyphs. When he was very bad indeed he used to drop into Welsh, which for all practical purposes was quite as useful to me as the English which marked the advancing stages of the dinner. He had, I learned, been many years on the paper, and he was there when I left it.

Another person who much impressed me in this my earliest acquaintance with the Press was the overseer of the printing office. His name, when he first came to the office, was Smith. After a while he took to spelling it Smyth, and when I arrived he had come to be addressed as Mr. Smythe. In personal appearance he was singularly like an elderly Dick Swiveller. The paper coming out on Friday morning, on Saturday he made holiday. He always made a point of swaggering up and down High Street on fine Saturday afternoons, ogling the shop-girls and maid-servants. He wore a frock-coat tightly drawn in at the waist. I believe on Saturdays he secreted stays. His hands were covered with dirty gloves, often yellow, sometimes lavender, in hue. He had a glistening pin fastening a many-coloured scarf, displayed under a dirty linen collar. The crowning grace of his figure was a white hat with a deep black band. With this set rakishly over his right ear, and a tasselled cane swinging negligently in his gloved hand, Smythe was a credit to the paper. He was a cheery gentleman, with a loud somewhat stagey laugh, accompanied by well-considered flourishes of his right arm and easy bending of his knees. A remarkable character whose individuality remains vividly stamped on my memory.

My first work on the 'Chronicle' was a rather serious undertaking. There was an annual review of the Yeomanry, or Militia, at which all the county gathered. Except for the account of a meeting in Liverpool written at Mr. Russell's suggestion, I had never before attempted reporter's work. I got through somehow, as I did with whatever else fell to my share in the miscellaneous work of the office. There was a Tuesday paper, an offshoot of the 'Chronicle.' It had a single leading article, which Mr. Watton generally wrote himself. After I had been on the staff four or five weeks I wrote one, furtively dropped it in the letter-box, and was greatly elated at finding it in the next issue of the paper. Mr. Watton dissembled his joy, making no reference to the little incident, though he must have recognised the handwriting.

There was at this time in Shrewsbury a miserable little weekly

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sheet called 'The Observer,' published on Saturdays, at the price of a penny. It had no leading article, and its local news was 'conveyed' from the pages of its more prosperous neighbours. The proprietor was a stationer in High Street, of whose full style, boldly displayed over the window, it will be sufficient to mention the surname, which was Peter. I wrote a column of notes on news, sent it to Peter, and proposed to furnish a similar contribution weekly for a payment of ten shillings. Anxious to meet any particular views he might entertain, I offered to make the contribution either a leader, a column of notes, or a London letter, written, of course, from Shrewsbury. My communication was anonymous, and I asked Peter, if he thought anything of the project, to address me under certain initials in the correspondence column of his paper. I opened the 'Observer' on the following Saturday, and there were my notes on news in the dignity of leader type, and a couple of lines asking 'L. H.' to call and see the proprietor. The result of this communication was that I became a regular contributor to the editorial columns of the 'Observer' at a salary of ten shillings a week.

There was nothing particular in the writing except that it dealt with local subjects in a fashion untrammelled by the personal considerations that weigh with the editors and proprietors of newspapers in small country towns. A new system of sewage was at the time greatly agitating the mind of the ratepayers. Simultaneously the Northern and Southern States of America were at each other's throats across the Atlantic. The secret designs of Napoleon III. were not above suspicion. The 'Chronicle,' having its principal leading article sent down by luggage train from London, was pointed and graphic in its commentary on the latest battle between the Federals and Confederates, and was deep in the mysteries of the mind of Napoleon III. But the people of Shrewsbury primarily wanted to know all about the new sewage system and the proposed Market Hall, and when they found these matters discussed in the columns of the 'Observer,' with occasional hard raps distributed among disputants on the Town Council, they rushed to buy the paper. Its sale went up in inspiring fashion, and I had the satisfaction of hearing many ask who was the new writer? Peter kept the secret, and so did I. Finally gossip was divided between two well-known local personages, one a stockbroker with a literary turn, the other a militant Nonconformist minister.

Encouraged by this success, I opened in the same way com-

munications with the proprietor of a paper at Wellington, called the 'Shropshire News.' After some correspondence, I arranged with him to write a weekly article at the rate of 10s. 6d. a week. Peter, growing rash with the bounding prosperity of the 'Observer,' proposed that I should write two articles a week, throwing them in for 15s. The 'Shropshire News' was published on Thursday, the 'Chronicle' on Friday, the 'Observer' on Saturday. Thus by working hard—and I liked the work—I managed to keep things going. In addition I was the local correspondent of the principal daily papers in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Leeds. At the end of 1864 I find in the shorthand diary I then kept a triumphant note showing that I had more than doubled my income, my modest 30s. a week from the 'Chronicle' being supplemented by a larger sum made after I had done my office work.

The articles in the 'Shropshire News' did not attract so much attention as those in the 'Observer,' but the proprietor, a sterling, honest man, was satisfied. He, of course, did not know I was the 'Observer's' scribe, and once wrote me a kindly note to say that for his part he thought the leaders in the 'News' were as good as the 'Observer's,' indeed he liked them better.

'They are more solid,' he dubiously said.

(To be continued.)

*A LODGE BEYOND.*<sup>1</sup>

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER.

'*Hai-yai*, so bright a day, so clear!' said Mitiahwe as she entered the big lodge and laid herself upon a wide, low couch, covered with soft skins, the fur of a grizzly which had fallen to her man's rifle. '*Hai-yai*, I wish it would last for ever—so sweet!' she added, smoothing the fur lingeringly, and showing her teeth in a smile.

'There will come a great storm, Mitiahwe. See, the birds go south so soon,' responded a deep voice from a corner by the doorway.

The young Indian wife turned quickly, and, in a defiant fantastic mood—or was it the inward cry against an impending fate, the tragic future of those who will not see, because to see is to suffer?—she made some quaint, odd motions of the body which belonged to a mysterious dance of her tribe, and, with flashing eyes, challenged the comely old woman seated on a pile of deer-skins.

'It is morning, and the day will last for ever,' she said, nonchalantly, but her eyes suddenly took on a far-away look, half apprehensive, half wondering. The birds were indeed going south very soon, yet had there ever been so exquisite an autumn as this, had her man ever had so wonderful a trade, her man with the brown hair, blue eyes, and fair strong face?

'The birds go south, but the hunters and buffalo still go north,' Mitiahwe urged searchingly, looking hard at her mother—Oanita, the Swift Wing.

'My dream said that the winter will be dark and lonely, that the ice will be thick, the snow deep, and that many hearts will be sick because of the dark days, and the hunger that sickens the heart,' answered Swift Wing.

Mitiahwe looked into Swift Wing's dark eyes, and an anger came upon her. 'The hearts of cowards will freeze,' she rejoined, 'and to those that will not see the Sun the world will be dark,' she added. Then, suddenly, she remembered to whom she was speaking, and a flood of feeling ran through her; for Swift Wing had

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1908, in the United States of America.

cherished her like a fledgling in the nest till her young white man came from 'down East.' Her heart had leapt up at sight of him, and she had turned to him from all the young men of her tribe, waiting in a kind of mist till he, at last, had spoken to her mother, and then one evening, her shawl over her head, she had come alone to his lodge. A thousand times as the four years passed by she had thought how good it was that she had become his wife—the young white man's wife, rather than the wife of Breaking Rock, son of White Buffalo, the Chief, who had four hundred horses, and a face that would have made winter and dark days for her. Now and then Breaking Rock came and stood before the lodge, a distance off, and stayed there hour after hour, and once or twice he came when her man was with her; but nothing could be done, for earth and air and space was common to them all, and there was no offence in Breaking Rock gazing at the lodge where Mitiahwe lived. Yet it seemed as though Breaking Rock was waiting—waiting, and hoping. That was the impression made upon all who saw him, and even old White Buffalo, the Chief, shook his head gloomily, when he saw Breaking Rock, his son, staring at the big lodge which was so full of happiness, and of many luxuries never before seen at a trading post on the Koni River. The father of Mitiahwe had been Chief, but because his three sons had been killed in battle, the chieftainship had come to White Buffalo, who was of the same blood and family. There were those who said that Mitiahwe should have been chieftainness, but neither she nor her mother would ever listen to this, and so White Buffalo and the tribe loved Mitiahwe because of her modesty and goodness. She was even more to White Buffalo than Breaking Rock, and he had been glad that Dingan the white man—Long Hand, he was called—had taken Mitiahwe for his woman. Yet behind this gladness of White Buffalo and that of Swift Wing, and behind the silent watchfulness of Breaking Rock, there was a thought which must ever come when a white man mates with an Indian maid without priest or preacher, or writing, or book, or bond.

Yet four years had gone, and all the tribe, and all who came and went, half-breeds, traders, other tribes, remarked how happy was the white man with his Indian wife. They never saw anything but light in the eyes of Mitiahwe, nor did the old women of the tribe who scanned her face as she came and went, and watched and waited too for what never came—not even after four years.

Mitiahwe had been so happy that she had not really missed what

never came ; though the desire to have something in her arms which was part of them both had flushed up in her veins at times, and made her restless till her man had come home again. Then she had forgotten the unseen for the seen, and was happy that they two were alone together—that was the joy of it all, so much alone together, for Swift Wing did not live with them, and, like Breaking Rock, she watched her daughter's life, standing afar off, since it was the unwritten law of the tribe that the wife's mother must not cross the path or enter the home of her daughter's husband. But at last Dingan had broken through this custom, and insisted that Swift Wing should be with her daughter when he was away from home, as now on this wonderful autumn morning, when Mitiahwe had been singing to the Sun to which she prayed for her man, and for everlasting days with him.

She had spoken angrily but now, because her soul sharply resented the challenge to her happiness which her mother had been making. It was her own eyes that refused to see the cloud which the sage and bereaved woman had seen and conveyed in images and figures of speech natural to the Indian mind.

'*Hai-yai,*' she said now, with a strange touching sigh breathing in the words, 'you are right, my mother, and a dream is a dream, and if it be dreamt three times, then is it to be followed, and it is true. You have lived long, and your dreams are of the Sun and the Spirit.' She shook a little as she laid her hand on a buckskin coat of her man hanging by the lodge-door ; then she steadied herself and gazed earnestly into her mother's eyes. 'Have all your dreams come true, my mother ?' she asked with a hungry heart.

'There was the dream that came out of the dark five times, when your father went against the Crees, and was wounded, and crawled away into the hills, when all our warriors fled—they were but a handful and the Crees like a young forest in number ! I went with my Dream, and found him after many days, and it was after that you were born, my youngest and my last. There was also'—her eyes almost closed, and the needle and thread she held lay still in her lap—'when two of your brothers were killed in the drive of the buffalo. Did I not see it all in my dream, and follow after them to take them to my heart ? And when your sister was carried off, was it not my dream which saw the trail, so that we brought her back again to die in peace, her eyes seeing the lodge whither she was going, open to her, and the Sun, the father, giving her light and promise—for she had wounded herself to die that the thief

who stole her should leave her to herself. Behold, my daughter, these dreams have I had, and others; and I have lived long and have seen the bright day break into storm, and the herds flee into the far hills where none could follow, and hunger come, and—'

'*Hai-yo*, see, the birds flying south,' said the girl with a gesture towards the cloudless sky. 'Never since I lived have they gone south so soon.' Again she shuddered slightly, then she spoke slowly: 'I also have dreamed, and I will follow my dream. I dreamed'—she knelt down beside her mother, and rested her hands in her mother's lap—'I dreamed that there was a wall of hills dark and heavy and far away, and that whenever my eyes looked at them, they burned with tears; and yet I looked and looked, till my heart was like lead in my breast; and I turned from them to the rivers and the plains that I loved. But a voice kept calling to me, "Come, come! Beyond the hills is a happy land. The trail is hard, and your feet will bleed, but beyond is the happy land." And I would not go for the Voice that spoke; and at last there came an old man in my dream and spoke to me kindly, and said, "Come with me, and I will show you the way over the hills to the lodge where thou shalt find what thou hast lost!" And I said to him, "I have lost nothing," and I would not go. Twice I dreamed this dream, and twice the old man came, and three times I dreamed it, and then I spoke angrily to him, as but now I did to thee, and behold, he changed before my eyes, and I saw that he was now become——' she stopped short, and buried her face in her hands for a moment, then recovered herself—'Breaking Rock, it was, I saw before me, and I cried out and fled. Then I waked with a cry, but my man was beside me, and his arm was round my neck; and this dream, is it not a foolish dream, my mother?'

The old woman sat silent, clasping the hands of her daughter firmly, and looking out of the wide doorway towards the trees that fringed the river; and presently, as she looked, her face changed and grew pinched, all at once, and Mitiahwe, looking at her, turned a startled face towards the river also.

'Breaking Rock!' she said in alarm, and got to her feet quickly.

Breaking Rock stood for a moment looking towards the lodge, then came slowly forward to them. Never in all the four years had he approached this lodge of Mitiahwe, who, the daughter of a chief, should have married himself, the son of a chief! Slowly, but with long slouching stride, Breaking Rock came nearer. The two women watched him without speaking. Instinctively they felt

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that he brought news, that something had happened ; yet Mitiahwe felt at her belt for what no Indian girl would be without ; and this one was a gift from her man, the anniversary of the day she came to his lodge with a shawl over her head, her heart beating fearfully yet gladly too.

Breaking Rock was at the door now, his beady eyes fixed on Mitiahwe's, his figure jerked to its full height, which made him, even then, two inches less than Long Hand. He spoke in a loud voice :

'The last boat this year goes down the river to-morrow. Long Hand, your man, is going to his people. He will not come back. He has had enough of the Blackfoot woman. You will see him no more.' He waved a hand to the sky. 'The birds are going south. A hard winter is coming quick. You will be alone. Breaking Rock is rich. He has five hundred horses. Your man is going to his own people. Let him go. He is no man. It is four years, and still there are but two in your lodge ! *How !*'

He swung on his heel with a chuckle in his throat, for he thought he had said a good thing, and that in truth he was worth twenty white men. His quick ear caught a movement behind him, however, and he saw the girl spring from the lodge door, something flashing from her belt. But now the mother's arms were round her, with cries of protest, and Breaking Rock, with another laugh, slipped away swiftly towards the river. 'That is good,' he muttered. 'She will kill him perhaps when she goes to him. She will go, but he will not stay. I have heard.'

As he disappeared among the trees, Mitiahwe disengaged herself from her mother's arms, went slowly back into the lodge, and sat down on the great couch where, for so many moons, she had lain with her man beside her.

Her mother watched her closely, though she moved about doing little things. She was trying to think what she would have done if such a thing had happened to her, if her man had been going to leave her. She assumed that Dingan would leave Mitiahwe, for he would hear the voices of his people calling far away, even as the red man who went East into the great cities heard the prairies and the mountains and the rivers and his own people calling, and came back, and put off the clothes of civilisation, and donned his buckskins again, and sat in the medicine-man's tent, and heard the spirits speak to him through the mist and smoke of the sacred fire. When Swift Wing first gave her daughter to the white man she

foresaw the danger now at hand, but this was the tribute of the lower race to the higher and—who could tell? White men had left their Indian wives, but had come back again, and for ever renounced the life of their own nations, and become great chiefs, teaching useful things to their adopted people, bringing up their children as tribesmen— Bringing up their children! There it was, the thing which called them back, the bright-eyed children with the colour of the brown prairie in their faces, and their brains so sharp and strong. But here was no child to call Dingan back—only the eloquent, brave, sweet face of Mitiahwe. . . . If he went! Would he go? Was he going? And now that Mitiahwe had been told that he would go, what would she do? In her belt was—but, no, that would be worse than all, and she would lose Mitiahwe her last child, as she had lost so many others. What would she herself do if she were in Mitiahwe's place? Ah, she would make him stay somehow—by truth or by falsehood; by the whispered story in the long night, by her head upon his knee before the lodge-fire, and her eyes fixed on his, luring him, as the Dream lures the dreamer into the far trail, to find the Sun's Hunting-ground where the plains are filled with the deer and the buffalo and the wild horse; by the smell of the cooking-pot and the favourite spiced-drink in the morning; by the child that ran to him with his bow and arrows and the cry of the hunter— But there was no child; she had forgotten. She was always recalling her own happy early life with her man, and the clean-faced papooses that crowded round his knee—one wife and many children, and the Old Harvester of the Years reaping them so fast, till the children stood up as tall as their father and chief. That was long ago, and she had had her share—twenty-five years of happiness, but Mitiahwe had had only four! She looked at Mitiahwe, standing still for a moment like one rapt, then, suddenly, she gave a little cry. Something had come into her mind, some solution of the problem, and she ran and stooped over the girl, and put both hands on her head.

'Mitiahwe, heart's blood of mine,' she said, 'the birds go south, but they return. What matter if they go so soon, if they return soon? If the Sun wills that the winter be dark, and he send the Coldmaker to close the rivers and drive the wild ones far from the arrow and the gun, yet he may be sorry, and send a second summer—has it not been so, and Coldmaker has hurried away—away! The birds go south, but they will return, Mitiahwe.'

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'I heard a cry in the night while my man slept,' Mitiahwe answered, looking straight before her, 'and it was like the cry of a bird—calling, calling, calling.'

'But he did not hear—he was asleep beside Mitiahwe. If he did not wake, surely it was good luck. Thy breath upon his face kept him sleeping. Surely it was good luck to Mitiahwe that he did not hear.'

She was smiling a little now, for she had thought of a thing which would, perhaps, keep the man here in this lodge in the wilderness, but the time to speak of it was not yet. She must wait and see.

Suddenly Mitiahwe got to her feet with a spring, and a light in her eyes. '*Hai-yai!*' she said, with plaintive smiling, ran to a corner of the lodge, and, from a leather bag drew forth a horse-shoe, and looked at it murmuring to herself.

The old woman gazed at her wonderingly. 'What is it, Mitiahwe?' she asked.

'It is good luck, so my man has said. It is the way of his people. It is put over the door, and if a dream come it is a good dream; and if a bad thing come, it will not enter; and if the heart prays for a thing hid from all the world, then it brings good luck. *Hai-yai!* I will put it over the door, and then——' All at once her hand dropped to her side, as though some terrible thought had come to her, and, sinking to the floor, she rocked her body backwards and forwards for a time, sobbing. But presently she got to her feet again, and, going to the door of the lodge, fastened the horse-shoe above it with a great needle and a string of buckskin.

'Oh, great Sun,' she prayed, 'have pity on me and save me. I cannot live alone. I am only a Blackfoot wife, I am not blood of his blood. Give me, O great one, blood of his blood, bone of his bone, soul of his soul, that he will say, This is mine, body of my body, and he will hear the cry and will stay—O great Sun, pity me!'

The old woman's heart beat faster as she listened. The same thought was in the mind of both. If there were but a child, bone of his bone, then perhaps he would not go; or, if he went, then surely he would return, when he heard his papoose calling in the lodge in the wilderness.

As Mitiahwe turned to her, a strange burning light in her eyes, Swift Wing said, 'It is good. The white man's Medicine for a

white man's wife. But if there were the red man's Medicine too——'

'What is the red man's Medicine?' asked the young wife, as she smoothed her hair, and put a string of bright beads around her neck, and wound a red sash round her waist.

The old woman shook her head, a curious half-mystic light in her eyes, her body drawn up to its full height, as though waiting for something. 'It is an old Medicine, it is of winters ago as many as the hairs of the head. I have forgotten almost, but it was a great Medicine when there were no white men in the land. And so it was that to every woman's breast there hung a papoose, and every woman had her man, and the red men were like leaves in the forest—but it was a winter of winters ago, and the Medicine Men have forgotten; and thou hast no child! When Long Hand comes, what will Mitiahwe say to him?'

Mitiahwe's eyes were determined, her face was set, she flushed deeply, then the colour fled. 'What my mother would say, I will say. Shall the white man's Medicine fail? If I wish it, then it will be so; and I will say so.'

'But if the white man's Medicine fail?'—Swift Wing made a gesture towards the door where the horse-shoe hung. 'It is Medicine for a white man, will it be Medicine for an Indian?'

'Am I not a white man's wife?'

'But if there were the Sun Medicine also, the Medicine of the days long ago?'

'Tell me. If you remember—*Kai!* but you do remember—I see it in your face. Tell me, and I will make that Medicine also, my mother.'

'To-morrow, if I remember it—I will think, and if I remember it, to-morrow I will tell you, my heart's blood. Maybe my dream will come to me and tell me. Then, even after all these years, a papoose——'

'But the boat will go at dawn to-morrow, and if he go also——'

'Mitiahwe is young, her body is warm, her eyes are bright, the songs she sings, her tongue—if these keep him not, and the Voice calls him still to go, then still Mitiahwe shall whisper, and tell him——'

'*Hai-yo*—hush,' said the girl, and trembled a little, and put both hands on her mother's mouth.

For a moment she stood so, then, with an exclamation, suddenly turned and ran through the doorway, and sped towards the river

and into the path which would take her to the Post where her man traded with the Indians and had made much money during the past six years, so that he could have had a thousand horses and twenty lodges like that she had just left. The distance between the lodge and the Post was no more than a mile, but Mitiahwe made a *détour*, and approached it from behind, where she could not be seen. Darkness was gathering now, and she could see the glimmer of the light of lamps through the windows, and as the doors opened and shut. No one had seen her approach, and she stole through a door which was open at the rear of the warehousing room, and went quickly to another door leading into the shop. There was a crack through which she could see, and she could hear all that was said. As she came she had seen Indians gliding through the woods with their purchases, and now the shop was clearing fast, in response to the urging of Dingan and his partner, a Scotch half-breed. It was evident that Dingan was at once abstracted and excited.

Presently only two visitors were left, a French half-breed called Lablache, a swaggering, vicious fellow, and the Captain of the steamer *Ste. Anne*, which was to make its last trip south in the morning—even now it would have to break its way through the young ice.

Dingan's partner dropped a bar across the door of the shop, and the four men gathered about the fire. For a time no one spoke. At last the Captain of the *Ste. Anne* said, 'It's a great chance, Dingan. You'll be in civilisation again, and in a rising town of white people—Boise'll be a city in five years, and you can grow up and grow rich with the place. The Company asked me to lay it all before you, and Lablache here will buy out your share of the business at whatever your partner and you prove it's worth. You're young, you've got everything before you. You've made a name out here for being the best trader west of the Great Lakes, and now's your time. It's none of my affair, of course, but I like to carry through what I'm set to do, and the Company said, "You bring Dingan back with you—the place is waiting for him, and it can't wait longer than the last boat down." You're ready to step in when he steps out, ain't you, Lablache?'

Lablache shook back his long hair, and rolled about in his pride. 'I give him cash for his share to-night—someone is behin' me, *sacré*, yes! It is worth so much, I pay and step in—I take the place over. I take half the business here and I work

with Dingan's partner. I take your horses, Dingan, I take your lodge, I take all in your lodge—*everyt'ing!*'

His eyes glistened, and a red spot came to each cheek, as he leaned forward. At his last word, Dingan, who had been standing abstractedly listening as it were, swung round on him with a muttered oath, and the skin of his face appeared to tighten. Watching through the crack of the door, Mitiahwe saw the look she knew well, though it had never been turned on her, and her heart beat faster—it was a look that came into Dingan's face whenever Breaking Rock crossed his path, or when one or two other names were mentioned in his presence, for they were names of men who had spoken of Mitiahwe lightly, and had attempted to be jocular with Dingan about her.

As Mitiahwe looked at him now unknown to himself, she was conscious of what that last word of Lablache's meant. '*Everyt'ing*' meant herself. Lablache—who had the good qualities of neither the white man nor the Indian, but who had the brains of the one and the subtilty of the other, and whose only virtue was that he was a successful trader, though he looked like a mere woodsman with rings in his ears, gaily-decorated buckskin coat and moccasins, and a furtive smile always on his lips! '*Everyt'ing!*' Her blood ran cold at the thought of dropping the lodge-curtain upon this man and herself alone. For no other man than Dingan had her blood run faster, and he had made her life blossom. She had seen in many a half-breed's and in many an Indian's face the look which was now in that of Lablache, and her fingers gripped softly the thing in her belt that had flashed out on Breaking Rock such a short while ago. As she looked, it seemed for a moment as though Dingan would open the door and throw Lablache out, for his eyes ran from the man to the wooden bar across the door in quick reflection.

'You'll talk of the shop, and the shop only, Lablache,' he said grimly. 'I'm not huckstering my home, and I'd choose the buyer if I was selling! My lodge ain't to be bought, nor *anything* in it—not even the broom to keep it clean of any half-breeds that'd enter it without leave.'

There was malice in the words, but there was greater malice in the tone, and Lablache, who was bent on getting the business, swallowed his ugly wrath and determined that, if he got the business, he would get the lodge also in due time; for Dingan, if he went, would not take the lodge—or the woman—with him, and

Dingan was not fool enough to stay when he could go to Boise to a sure fortune.

The Captain of the *Ste. Anne* again spoke. 'There's another thing the Company said, Dingan. You needn't go to Boise, not at once. You can take a month and visit your folks down East, and lay in a stock of home-feelings before you settle down at Boise for good. They was fair when I put it to them that you'd mebbe want to do that. "You tell Dingan," they said, "that he can have the month glad and grateful, and a free ticket on the railway back and forth. He can have it at once," they said.'

Watching, Mitiahwe could see her man's face brighten, and take on a look of longing at this suggestion, and it seemed to her that the bird she heard in the night was calling in his ears now. Her eyes went blind for a moment.

'The game is with you, Dingan. All the cards are in your hands; you'll never get such another chance again—and you're only thirty,' said the Captain.

'I wish they'd ask me,' said Dingan's partner with a sigh, as he looked at Lablache. 'I want my chance bad, though we've done well here—good gosh, yes, all through Dingan.'

'The winters, they go queeck in Boise,' said Lablache. 'It is life all the time, trade all the time, plenty to do and see—and a *bon fortune* to make, bagosh!'

'Your old home was in Nova Scotia, wasn't it, Dingan?' asked the Captain in a low voice. 'I kem from Connecticut, and I was East to my village las' year. It was right good seein' all my old friends again; but I kem back content, I kem back full of home feelin's and content. You'll like the trip, Dingan. It'll do you good.'

Dingan drew himself up with a start. 'All right. I guess I'll do it. Let's figure up again,' he said to his partner with a reckless air.

With a smothered cry Mitiahwe turned and fled into the darkness, and back to the lodge. The lodge was empty. She threw herself upon the great couch in an agony of despair.

A half-hour went by. Then she rose, and began to prepare supper. Her face was aflame, her manner was determined, and once or twice her hand went to her belt, as though to assure herself of something.

Never had the lodge looked so bright and cheerful; never had she prepared so appetising a supper; never had the great couch

seemed so soft and rich with furs, so homelike and so inviting after a long day's work. Never had Mitiahwe seemed so good to look at, so graceful and alert and refined—suffering does its work even in the wild woods, with 'wild people.' Never had the lodge such an air of welcome and peace and home as to-night, and so Dingan thought as he drew aside the wide curtains of deerskin and entered.

Mitiahwe was bending over the fire and appeared not to hear him. 'Mitiahwe,' he said, gently.

She was singing to herself, to an Indian air, the words of a song Dingan had taught her :

Open the door, cold is the night, and my feet are heavy,  
Heap up the fire, scatter upon it the cones and the scented leaves ;  
Spread the soft robe on the couch for the chief that returns,  
Bring forth the wine of remembrance—

It was like a low recitative, and it had a plaintive cadence, as of a dove that mourned.

'Mitiahwe,' he said in a louder voice, but with a break in it, too ; for it all rushed upon him, all that she had been to him ; all that had made the great West glow with life, made the air sweeter, the grass greener, the trees more companionable and human ; who had given the waste places a voice. Yet—yet there were his own people in the East, there was another life waiting for him, there was the life of ambition, and wealth, and home—and children !

His eyes were misty as she turned to him with a little cry of surprise, how much natural and how much assumed—for she had heard him enter—it would have been hard to say. She was a woman, and, therefore, the daughter of pretence even when most real. He caught her by both arms as she shyly but eagerly came to him. 'Good girl, good little girl,' he said. He looked round him. 'Well, I've never seen our lodge look nicer than it does to-night ; and the fire, and the pot on the fire, and the smell of the pine-cones, and the cedar-boughs, and the skins, and——'

'And *Everything*,' she said, with a queer little laugh as she moved away again to turn the steaks on the fire.

'*Everything!*' He started at the word. It was so strange that she should use it by accident, when but a little while ago he had been ready to choke the wind out of a man's body for using it concerning herself.

It stunned him for a moment, for the West, and the life apart from the world of cities, had given him superstition like that of the Indians whose life he had made his own.

Herself—to leave her here who had been so much to him? As true as the Sun she worshipped, her eyes had never lingered on another man since she came to his lodge; and, to her mind, she was as truly sacredly married to him as though a thousand priests had spoken or a thousand medicine men had made their incantations. She was his woman and he was her man. As he chatted to her, telling her of much that he had done that day, and wondering how he could tell her of *all* he had done, he kept looking round the lodge, his eye resting on this or that; and everything had its own personal history, had become part of their lodge life, because it had a use as between him and her and not a conventional domestic place. Every skin, every utensil, every pitcher, and bowl, and pot, and curtain, had been with them at one time or another, when it became of importance and renowned in the story of their days and deeds.

How could he break it to her—that he was going to visit his own people, and that she must be alone with her mother all winter, to await his return in the spring. His return? As he watched her sitting beside him, helping him to his favourite dish, the close, companionable trust and gentleness of her, her exquisite clearness and grace in his eyes, he asked himself if, after all, it was not true that he would return in the spring. The years had passed without his seriously thinking of this inevitable day. He had put it off and off, content to live each day as it came and take no real thought for the future; and yet, behind all, was the warning fact that he must go one day, and that Mitiahwe could not go with him. Her mother must have known that, when she let Mitiahwe come to him. Of course; and, after all, she would find another mate, a better mate, one of her own people!

But her hand was in his now, and it was small and very warm, and suddenly he shook with anger at the thought of one like Breaking Rock taking her to his wigwam; or Lablache—this roused him to an inward fury; and Mitiahwe saw, and guessed the struggle that was going on in him, and she leaned her head against his shoulder, and once she raised his hand to her lips, and said, 'My chief!'

Then his face cleared again, and she got him his pipe and filled it, and held a coal to light it; and, as the smoke curled up, and he leaned back contentedly for the moment, she went to the door, drew open the curtains, and, stepping outside, raised her eyes to the horse-shoe. Then she said softly to the sky, 'O Sun, great

father, have pity on me, for I love him, and would keep him. And give me bone of his bone, and one to nurse at my breast that is of him. O Sun, pity me this night, and be near me when I speak to him, and hear what I say.'

'What are you doing out there, Mitiahwe?' Dingan cried; and when she entered again, he beckoned her to him. 'What was it you were saying? Who were you speaking to?' he asked. 'I heard your voice.'

'I was thanking the Sun for his goodness to me—I was speaking for the thing that is in my heart, that is life of my life,' she added vaguely.

'Well, I have something to say to you, little girl,' he said, with an effort.

She remained erect before him waiting for the blow—outwardly calm, inwardly crying out in pain. 'Do you think you could stand a little parting?' he asked, reaching out and touching her shoulder.

'I have been alone before—for five days,' she answered, quietly.

'But it must be longer this time.'

'How long?' she asked, with eyes fixed on his. 'If it is more than a week, I will go too.'

'It is longer than a month,' he said.

'Then I will go.'

'I am going to see my people,' he faltered.

'By the *Ste. Anne*?'

He nodded. 'It is the last chance this year; but I will come back—in the spring.'

As he said it, he saw her shrink, and his heart smote him. Four years such as few men ever spent, and all the luck had been with him, and the West had got into his bones! The quiet, starry nights, the wonderful days, the hunt, the long journeys, the life free of care, and the warm lodge; and here, the great couch—ah, the cheek pressed to his, the lips that whispered at his ear, the smooth arm round his neck. It all rushed upon him now. His people! His people in the East who had thwarted his youth, vexed and cramped him, saw only evil in his widening desires, and threw him over when he came out West—the scallywag they called him, who had never wronged a man or—a woman? Never—wronged—a—woman? The question sprang to his lips now. Suddenly he saw it all in a new light. White or brown or red, this



heart and soul and body before him were all his, sacred to him—he was in very truth her 'Chief.'

Untutored as she was, she read him, felt what was going on in him. She saw the tears spring to his eyes. Then, coming close to him she said softly, slowly, 'I must go with you if you go, because you must be with me when—oh, *hai-yai*, my chief, shall we go from here? Here in this lodge wilt thou be with thine own people—thine own, thou and I and—*thine to come!*' The great passion in her heart made the lie seem very truth.

With a cry he got to his feet, and stood staring at her for a moment, scarcely comprehending; then, suddenly, he clasped her in his arms.

'Mitiahwe—Mitiahwe, oh, my little girl!' he cried. 'You and me—and our own—our own people!' Kissing her, he drew her down beside him on the couch. 'Tell me again—is it so at last?' he said; and she whispered in his ear once more.

In the middle of the night he said to her, 'Some day, perhaps, we will go East, some day, perhaps.'

'But now?' she asked softly.

'Not now—not if I know it,' he answered. 'I've got my heart nailed to the door of this lodge.'

As he slept, she got quietly out, and, going to the door of the lodge, reached up a hand and touched the horse-shoe.

'Be good Medicine to me,' she said. Then she prayed. 'O Sun, pity me that it may be as I have said to him. O pity me, great father!'

In the days to come Swift Wing said that it was her Medicine—when her hand was burned to the wrist in the dark ritual she had performed with the Medicine Man that night when Mitiahwe fought for her man—but Mitiahwe said it was her Medicine the horse-shoe, which brought one of Dingan's own people to the lodge, a little girl with Mitiahwe's eyes and form, and her father's face. Truth has many mysteries, and the faith of the woman was great; and so it was that, to the end, Mitiahwe kept her man. But truly she was altogether a woman, and had good fortune.

## FRANCIS THOMPSON'S CRICKET VERSES.

To the readers of the memoir of the late Francis Thompson which was printed just after his death in 'The Athenæum' for November 23, 1907, and which stands as preface to the volume of his 'Selected Poems' just published, it must have come as a surprise to learn that this rapt celebrant of the soul was, if not himself a cricketer, a very keen student of the game. They would have felt surprise not because there is anything irreconcilable between the life spiritual and this noble pastime, but because one naturally falls into the habit of thinking of men in one direction only and Thompson's name carried with it the idea rather of midnight visions than of the sunlit pitch.

But literary genius and love of cricket have joined hands before. Cowper at Westminster was eager for the game. Byron played for Harrow against Eton. Mr. Meredith, whose cricket enthusiasm flushes through his novels, was, he has told me, an alert fieldsman at the point of the bat; while Mr. Barrie, it is well known, goes so far as to possess a team of his own whose merits he has described in an illustrated *brochure* which is at once the joy of those who own it and the despair of those who do not. Two instances of what I may call wholly unexpected cricketers may be added. Mr. Lang, by whose cradle the muse of the game, benignantly smiling, most assuredly stood with gifts in her hand, has just discovered that Cuchulainn, the Irish hero, played, and naturally excelled, at cricket in its most primitive form about 200 A.D., while (and here we come nigher the poet of 'The Hound of Heaven') if you look in Mr. Philip Norman's fascinating history of the West Kent Cricket Club you will find the name and fame of one H. E. Manning, afterwards Cardinal.

None the less it was a surprise to many persons, as I say, to find that Francis Thompson was a devotee too; and to those who had seen him in the flesh (and in the ulster which he did not don until the swallows were with us nor doff until they had flown) the surprise must have been greater still, since from such an exterior it would require a reader of men of supernatural acumen to deduce a love of open-air sport. For of all men Francis Thompson was

to the casual observer least like a cricketer. It was not only this inverted affection for his overcoat; it was the whole effect, the *ensemble*, as Whitman would say. If ever a figure seemed to say 'Take me any where in the world so long as it is not to a cricket match,' that was Francis Thompson's. And his eye supported it. His eye had no brightness: it swung laboriously upon its object; whereas the enthusiasts of St. John's Wood dart their glances like birds.

But Francis Thompson was born to baffle the glib inference. With his heart warmed by the very presence of God he could sell matches at Charing Cross. The world, which at every turn seemed to have crushed him beneath its cold weight, he had mastered and disdained while still a youth. Fate might beat against his frame, but within blossomed the rose. He carried consolation about him.

Latterly he went seldom to Lord's. His memories were too sad. It was indeed from this sadness, this regret for the past and unwillingness to recall it too vividly, that was born the poem a stanza of which was printed in 'The Athenæum,' and which, with other verses on the game, I am now permitted to print in full here. The poem is not dated, but it is recent. As I understand the case, Thompson had been invited to Lord's to see Middlesex and Lancashire, and had agreed to go; but as the time drew near he found he could not face the ordeal. Such a mood imports a new note into cricket poetry. Cricket poetry hitherto has been descriptive, reflective, rapturous, gay, humorous. It has never before to my knowledge been made a vehicle for a lament for the past of profoundest melancholy.

Everyone knows the sadness of the backward look—everyone has lost friends both of kin and of the soul. But the cricket enthusiast (and this applies to other spectacular games and sports too), whether he plays or merely watches, has had two pasts, two chances of bereavement—his own private losses, and the losses that have been suffered by the game. It is impossible for a quite ordinary enthusiast to see one match without thinking of an earlier: how much more then must a poet do so? The simplest and most prosaic of us, whose lives have been fortunate, cannot go to Lord's and regret no missing face upon the field. How have we, for example, yearned for Mr. Stoddart these many seasons past! But Thompson . . .

Francis Thompson was Lancashire born; as a boy he haunted the Old Trafford ground. Then came the realities of life, which in many cases were too much for him: his body was frail, he suffered almost constant pain, he was unfitted doubly—physically and

temperamentally—for mundane struggle. He left Ushaw, made a futile experiment or two to earn his living in the ordinary way, and drifted to London, where he fell upon the hardest times, always, however (in the beautiful image that Pater uses of Marius), protecting unsullied the white bird in his breast, always secure in his soul, but none the less conscious too that things were not as they should be with him and as they had promised to be in the days before thought, before the real fight, began—in the days when Hornby and Barlow went in first for Lancashire. To know all this is to find the first and last stanza of the poem which follows almost unbearably sad.

It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,  
 Though my own red roses there may blow ;  
 It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,  
 Though the red roses crest the caps I know.  
 For the field is full of shades as I near the shadowy coast,  
 And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a ghost,  
 And I look through my tears on a soundless clapping host,  
 As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,  
 To and fro.  
 O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago !

It is Glo'ster coming North, the irresistible,  
 The Shire of the Graces, long ago !  
 It is Gloucestershire up North, the irresistible,  
 And new-arisen Lancashire the foe !  
 A Shire so young that has scarce impressed its traces,  
 Ah, how shall it stand before all resistless Graces ?  
 O, little red rose, their bats are as maces  
 To beat thee down, this summer long ago !

This day of seventy-eight they are come up North against thee,  
 This day of seventy-eight, long ago !  
 The champion of the centuries, he cometh up against thee,  
 With his brethren, every one a famous foe !  
 The long-whiskered Doctor, that laugheth rules to scorn,  
 While the bowler, pitched against him, bans the day that he was born ;  
 And G. F. with his science makes the fairest length forlorn ;  
 They are come from the West to work thee woe !

It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,  
 Though my own red roses there may blow ;  
 It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,  
 Though the red roses crest the caps I know.  
 For the field is full of shades as I near the shadowy coast,  
 And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a ghost,  
 And I look through my tears on a soundless clapping host,  
 As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,  
 To and fro.  
 O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago !

I might say that the match in question was played at Old Trafford on July 25, 26, 27, 1878, when the poet was eighteen. (He was born in December, 1859.) It was an historic contest, for the two counties had never before met. The fame of the Graces was such that 16,000 people were present on the Saturday, the third day—of whom, by the way, 2000 did not pay but took the ground by storm. The result was a draw, a little in Lancashire's favour, after a very determined fight interrupted now and then by rain. It was eminently Hornby and Barlow's match. In the first innings the amateur made only 5, but Barlow went right through it, his wicket falling last for 40. In the second innings Hornby was at his best, making with incredible dash 100 out of 156 while he was in, Barlow supporting him while he made 80 of them. In this match W. G. (who is still playing, be it remembered : I saw him at the Oval on Easter Monday, immense and grey and jovial) made 32 and 58 not out and took 4 wickets, and E. M. made 21 and 4 and took 4 wickets. G. F. played too, but it was not his day.

The note book in which the verses are written contains numberless variations upon several of the lines.

O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago !

becomes in one case

O my Monkey and Stone-waller long ago !

'Monkey' was, of course, Mr. Hornby's nickname. 'First he runs you out of breath,' said the professional, possibly Barlow himself, 'first he runs you out of breath, then he runs you out, and then he gives you a sovereign.' A brave summary ! In what other verse he and Barlow have a place I do not know, but they should be proud of this. It is something to have brought tears to the eyes of the poet of 'Sister Songs.' He, that unworldly ecstatic visionary, is no more, but both cricketers are happily alive to-day—(I was talking to Barlow only a month ago, and such was his vivacity he seemed to have drunk of the fountain of youth)—and they may read these verses. I hope they will, although cricketers, in my experience, however they may have taken of late to writing of their game, read as little as they can.

The second piece is a description, in very easy couplets, of the great match between Middlesex and Yorkshire at Lord's on May 28, 1899. It was never intended for print : it was merely a versified memorandum of the match for the writer's own amusement. As

will some day be seen, his note books took count of most of his experiences, trivial as well as serious. A few lines may be quoted. Albert Trott, it will be remembered, after Warner had paved the way by making an historic 150, hit up in hurricane style 164. The rhymes thus describe his innings :—

For Trott, who also month-long kept  
Inert, as the batsman in him slept,  
Wakes, and with tumult of his waking,  
The many-girded ground is shaking !  
With rolling claps and clamour, as soar  
Fours after fours, and ever four !  
Bowls Rhodes, bowls Jackson, Haigh bowls, Hirst,—  
To him the last is as the first :  
West-end tent or pavilion-rail,  
He lashes them home with a thresher's flail.

I omit a curious interlude in which the psychological state of Lord Hawke, as captain, is delineated : not too accurately, I fancy, for his lordship, if I know anything about him, can meet adversity with philosophic calm. This is the end :—

Trott keeps them trotting, till his d—d score  
Is just one hundred, sixty, and four,—  
The highest tally this match has scored,  
And the century fourth is long up on the board.  
Thank Heaven, the fellow's grown reckless now,  
Jumps and slogs at them anyhow :  
Two narrow shaves, amid frenzied howl  
Of jubilant people, and lordly growl ;  
Till a clinker tingles in Brown's left hand—  
Good Brown ! you have snapped the infernal stand !  
The last two wickets go tedious down,  
And my lord strides off with his teeth and frown.

The poet throughout, although no Southerner, is against Yorkshire ; the old championship of the Red Rose against the White coming out very strongly. The match ended in a victory for Middlesex by an innings and 2 runs. It was Trott's game, for not only did he score his 164 (137 of them in an hour and a half), but he took altogether nine wickets.

The third piece is a *tour de force*, an imitation of FitzGerald's 'Omar.' Thompson, who was not given to filling other men's moulds, began it evidently as a joke, for he gave it a comic title, 'Rime o' bat of O my sky-em.' But his mind was too powerful and proud for imitation or sustained *facetia*, and he quickly became individual and human, so that the stanzas although a parody in form

are also a new and independent thing. They seem to me to have no little charm. Cricket no doubt has been moralised before—indeed is there not Fred Lillywhite's epitaph in Highgate Cemetery?—but never so sweetly and reasonably.

## PART I.

Wake ! for the Ruddy Ball has taken flight  
That scatters the slow Wicket of the Night ;  
And the swift Batsman of the Dawn has driven  
Against the Star-spiked Rails a fiery Smite.

Wake, my Beloved ! take the Bat that clears  
The sluggish Liver, and Dyspeptics cheers :  
To-morrow ? Why, to-morrow I may be  
Myself with Hambledon and all its Peers.

To-day a Score of Batsmen brings, you say ?  
Yes, but where leaves the Bats of Yesterday ?  
And this same summer day that brings a Knight  
May take the Grace and Ranjitsinhj away.

Willsher the famed is gone with all his ' throws,'  
And Alfred's Six-foot Reach where no man knows ;  
And Hornby—that great hitter—his own Son  
Plays in his place, yet recks not the Red Rose.

And Silver Billy, Fuller Pilch and Small,  
Alike the pigmy Briggs and Ulyett tall,  
Have swung their Bats an hour or two before,  
But none played out the last and silent Ball.

Well, let them Perish ! What have we to do  
With Gilbert Grace the Great, or that Hindu ?  
Let Hirst and Spooner slog them as they list,  
Or Warren bowl his ' snorter ' ; care not you !

With me along the Strip of Herbage strown,  
That is not laid or watered, rolled or sown,  
Where name of Lord's and Oval is forgot,  
And peace to Nicholas on his bomb-girt Throne.

A level Wicket, as the Ground allow,  
A driving Bat, a lively Ball, and thou  
Before me bowling on the Cricket-pitch—  
O Cricket-pitch were Paradise enow !

## PART II.

I listened where the Grass was shaven small,  
And heard the Bat that groaned against the Ball :  
Thou pitchest Here and There, and Left and Right,  
Nor deem I where the Spot thou next may'st Fall.

Forward I play, and Back, and Left and Right,  
 And overthrown at once, or stay till Night :  
 But this I know, where nothing else I know,  
 The last is Thine, how so the Bat shall smite.

This thing is sure, where nothing else is sure,  
 The boldest Bat may but a Space endure ;  
 And he who One or who a Hundred hits  
 Falleth at ending to thy Force or Lure.

Wherefore am I allotted but a Day  
 To taste Delight, and make so brief a stay ;  
 For meed of all my Labour laid aside,  
 Ended alike the Player and the Play.

Behold, there is an Arm behind the Ball,  
 Nor the Bat's Stroke of its own Striking all ;  
 And who the Gamesters, to what end the Game,  
 I think thereof our Willing is but small.

Against the Attack and Twist of Circumstance  
 Though I oppose Defence and shifty Glance,  
 What Power gives Nerve to me, and what Assaults,—  
 This is the Riddle. Let dull bats cry ' Chance.'

Is there a Foe that [domineers] the Ball ?  
 And one that Shapes and wields us Willows all ?  
 Be patient if Thy Creature in Thy Hand  
 Break, and the so-long-guarded Wicket fall !

Thus spoke the Bat. Perchance a foolish Speech  
 And wooden, for a Bat has straitened Reach :  
 Yet thought I, I had heard Philosophers  
 Prate much on this wise, and aspire to Teach.

Ah, let us take our Stand, and play the Game,  
 But rather for the Cause than for the Fame ;  
 Albeit right evil is the Ground, and we  
 Know our Defence thereon will be but lame.

O Love, if thou and I could but Conspire  
 Against this Pitch of Life, so false with Mire,  
 Would we not Doctor it afresh, and then  
 Roll it out smoother to the Bat's Desire ?

A few notes would not be out of place. Hambledon is the village in Hampshire where the game was first taken with all the seriousness of a religious rite, as, of course, it should be. The history of the Hambledon cricketers was written by John Nyren in 1833, in a wonderful little book still available in reprints. I suppose that the Knight whom Thompson had in mind was Albert Knight of Leicestershire, whose writings on cricket he greatly admired. Willsher was Edgar Willsher, 'The Lion of Kent,' and a member

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of the All England team, born in 1828. A 'fast and ripping' left-handed round-arm bowler, in or about 1857 his style came under severe criticism in 'Bell's Life,' but he survived the attack. Mr. Haygarth calls him 'one of the most amiable, as well as one of the staunchest, of cricketers in the world.' To the name of Alfred the poet himself has put the following footnote: 'Alfred is Alfred the Great, Alfred Mynn, W. G. of his day; six foot two, shoulder of mutton fist, foot on which he leaned made a grave in soft turf, brilliant both as bat and fast bowler.' I need only add that Alfred Mynn was born at Goudhurst in 1807, and died at Thurnham, also in Kent, in 1861, mourned by all Englishmen. The younger Hornby—A. H.—is this year (1908) captain of Lancashire. May he do bravely! Silver Billy was William Beldham, of the Hambledon Club, over whose genius Nyren becomes lyrical. He lived to a very great age and died in 1860. Fuller Pilch, a Norfolk man by birth, was the best bat in England between 1820 and 1850. He played for Kent in the thirties and forties, and died at Canterbury in 1870,—

Land of Hops, you hold in trust  
Very sacred human dust!

There were two Smalls, both Hambledon men celebrated by Nyren. Briggs was of course Johnny Briggs, of Thompson's own county, the left-handed bowler and cover-point whose end was a tragedy, for he lost his reason through a sunstroke and died in an asylum. George Ulyett is dead too—the great and genial Yorkshireman of the seventies. The other names need no gloss.

Those are the verses. Thompson wrote also a little prose on the game, including a lengthy criticism of 'The Jubilee Book of Cricket.' This review, printed in 'The Academy,' for September 4, 1897, is interesting not only on the literary side but for its theoretical acumen too. It contains a very minute examination of the differences between the pitched-up balls of the under-arm and the over-arm bowler, and there are some discerning remarks upon back and forward play. But more to our purpose as illustrating Thompson's cricket prose is the passage in praise of Vernon Royle, another Lancashire man, at cover-point:—

Fine fielding is very largely the work of a captain who is himself a fine fielder, and knows its vast importance in winning matches. Many a match has been won rather in the field than at the wicket. And, if only a boy will set himself really to study its niceties, it is a most fascinating branch of cricket. Prince Ranjitsinhji remarks on the splendid opportunities of cover-point, and cites the Rev. Vernon

Royle as the cover-point to whom all cricketers give the palm during the last thirty years. 'From what one hears,' he says, 'he must have been a magnificent fielder.' He was. And I notice the fact, because Vernon Royle may be regarded as a concrete example of the typical fielder, and the typical fielder's value. He was a pretty and stylish bat; but it was for his wonderful fielding that he was played. A ball for which hardly another cover-point would think of trying, he flashed upon, and with a single action stopped it and returned it to the wicket. So placed that only a single stump was visible to him, he would throw that down with unfailing accuracy, and without the slightest pause for aim. One of the members of the Australian team in Royle's era, playing against Lancashire, shaped to start for a hit wide of cover-point. 'No, no!' cried his partner; 'the policeman is there!' There were no short runs anywhere in the neighbourhood of Royle. He simply terrorised the batsmen; nor was there any necessity for an extra cover—now so constantly employed. In addition to his sureness and swiftness, his style was a miracle of grace. Slender and symmetrical, he moved with the lightness of a young roe, the flexuous elegance of a leopard—it was a sight for an artist or a poet to see him field. Briggs, at his best, fell not far short in efficiency; but there was no comparison between the two in style and elegance. To be a fielder like Vernon Royle is as much worth any youth's endeavours as to be a batsman like Ranjitsinhji, or a bowler like Richardson.

That the author of 'The Hound of Heaven' and 'The Anthem of Earth' should be also the most ingenious and suggestive reviewer of Prince Ranjitsinhji's work is a curious circumstance worthy of note by any Isaac Disraeli of the future.

E. V. LUCAS.

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### THE WINNING OF CANADA.

FOR Englishmen and Frenchmen the outstanding feature of the Tercentenary Celebrations at Quebec will be the dedication of the battlefields of the Plains of Abraham and Ste. Foye as a National Park for the people of Canada. The narrow tableland which lies behind Quebec, between the mighty St. Lawrence and the winding St. Charles, holds intense interest for the two races who have a common heritage in the great Dominion. It was the scene of the two final battles between the French and English in Canada when the fate of half a continent was decided; its soil was watered by the blood of commanders whose careers, and whose deaths in almost the same hour, possess a romantic and absorbing interest for both races. Each side won victory on its fields, and each can look back with pride to the history of these great events. To these compelling circumstances is to be added the important factor that for a century and a half the descendants of the conquerors and the conquered in the two battles have lived together in loyalty and amity under the same flag.

Since the far-off days when Wolfe in Canada and Clive in India were laying the foundations of the British Empire in the world-wide wars of the eighteenth century, Frenchmen and Englishmen have contested many a hard-fought field, and they have also shed their blood together in a common cause. Nowhere has this most potent cement of national friendship been poured out with happier results than amid the forests and snows of Canada. Almost while the echoes of the final clash of arms on the Plains of Abraham were still ringing in men's ears the loyalty of England's French-Canadian subjects was put to the test in the struggle which detached the southern half of the North American continent from the British flag. They nobly stood the trial. Neither specious pleadings on behalf of republicanism nor the sterner argument of shotted guns could win them from their newly pledged allegiance.

The part which the bishops and clergy of the Catholic Church in Canada played in that time of stress and danger is scarcely realised by the average Englishman to-day, who is not fully

acquainted with the history of Canada during the American war of rebellion. With wise and far-seeing judgment the leaders of the Catholic French-Canadians took their stand firmly and uncompromisingly on the side of England. Acting on the minds of a people still largely subject to feudal influence and filled with a spirit of devotion and submission to their ancient faith, the French bishops and priests held their flocks loyal and did much to retain the wide province that is now the Dominion of Canada for the British Crown.

The reward for these services was full and ample. The very remarkable position of power and authority which the Catholic Church occupies in the Province of Quebec to-day is in a large measure the direct outcome of the attitude taken up by the bishops and priests during the American war.

In the war of 1812 between Great Britain and the new Republic the French-Canadians were as staunch and loyal as their fellow-subjects of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, the heroic loyalists of the New England colonies who had given up home and all that made life dear rather than be false to allegiance or principles. Some of the most brilliant victories in the campaigns of 1812-3-4 were won with the aid of the French volunteers, and at Chateauguay on October 26, 1813, four hundred French-Canadian Militia, commanded by Colonel de Salaberry, defeated three thousand Americans under General Hampton. In later years, during the Fenian Raid of 1867, in the North-West Rebellion, and lastly during the Boer war, Canadians, French and British, fought side by side, and cemented anew their racial friendship and their unswerving loyalty to the Empire.

It happens, then, that nowhere within the wide bounds of the British Empire to-day is there any spot so ripe and fitting for a scene such as that which will take place outside the walls of Quebec in this July, when with stately ceremony, and honoured by the presence of the heir to the British throne, the Plains of Abraham will be dedicated to the memory of the gallant soldiers of England and France who won, and lost, and died on that historic upland.

The battle of the Plains of Abraham is unique in the world's history. It is unique in that Wolfe, the English commander, died in the moment of victory, and that his noble adversary, Montcalm, who commanded the French, breathed his last almost in the same hour, finding sad consolation for the sorrows of the hour in

the thought that he would not live to see the surrender of his beloved Quebec. Its issue decided the fate of a continent of unbounded richness and resources; though at the time men had scarce begun to dream that 'the few arpents of snow in Canada,' as a French statesman described his country's lost dominions, held a tithe of the wealth that time has since revealed. The battle of the Plains of Abraham, therefore, possesses features of intense interest for every student of history, and above all for the members of the two slowly mingling races who now occupy as their heritage the lands for which their fathers fought and died.

The conflict was the inevitable result of conditions which dominated and dictated the policy that France and England in the seventeenth century were compelled to pursue. On the Continent of Europe, on the burning plains of India, and amid the swamps and fastnesses of North American forests the two nations had long been engaged in a struggle for mastery. We are not here concerned with the incidents of the age-long contest in other parts of the world. The warfare between the English colonists in New England and the French settlers of New France, as Canada was generally termed at the time, had gone on intermittently for generations; sometimes helped and encouraged by the Mother countries, often waged more or less independently. Local victories or defeats had little effect on the general progress of the struggle. American territory was given and taken by treaty-making statesmen at home who frequently had but the faintest notion of the boundaries with which they were dealing. Even in later days we have the famous instance of a British Minister who was thrown into a ferment of excitement by his unexpected discovery that Cape Breton was an island!

But apart from any question as to their final outcome the records of British and French achievements in North America are equally glorious for both. Fighting now with each other, now with the fierce and bloodthirsty savages of the forest, the long story is always one of progress and improvement in the face of appalling difficulties. Victory rested sometimes with one, sometimes with the other. In the end the incredible speculation and rascality of Bigot, the last Intendant of New France, with his misappropriation of funds and the falsification of accounts, had, perhaps, as much, or more, to do with the final defeat of France as the qualities of the soldiers on the battlefield. Montcalm himself, before his last battle under the walls of Quebec, had met the British on four hard-fought fields

and had won each, notably at Ticonderoga, where with greatly inferior numbers he had inflicted a heavy defeat on the rash and headstrong Abercrombie.

With the fall of Louisburg came the closing scene of the long struggle. For weary months in the summer of 1759 Wolfe, with the help of a fleet under Admiral Saunders—old 'Dreadnought'—had fruitlessly besieged Quebec, whose frowning battlements on the heights of Cape Diamond were deemed well nigh impregnable. His batteries on the heights of Levis across the St. Lawrence, under the command of General Monckton, had pounded the city until the lower town and the buildings along the steep slopes stretching from the waterside to the Citadel above had become a chaos of smoking ruins. Still Montcalm and the Governor, Vaudreil, refused to surrender. At Beauport Flats, where the Montmorency, after its prodigious leap of three hundred feet from the cliffs above, flows gently to mingle its foam-flecked waters with the St. Lawrence, Wolfe's veterans had been repulsed with the loss of over a thousand men, while the rocky cliffs for miles above the city seemed to mock at the idea of any successful enterprise in that direction. Winter was coming on apace when Admiral Saunders and his gallant fleet would be driven out of the river by the ice, and there would be nothing to do but to raise the siege. Without the ships the British commander would be helpless.

All through the siege the fleet had had to encounter deadly peril from the French gunners on the summit of Cape Diamond and from the fire rafts which the garrison of Quebec sent floating down stream. It is recorded that upon one occasion, as the heroic sailors boldly grappled with the fire rafts and towed them away from the threatened ships, one gallant tar hailed a comrade with the strange query, 'Hast ever had hell-fire in tow before, lad?' 'No,' replied his comrade, and then thinking probably of the bloody repulse at Beaufort Flats, he added, 'but I've been in tow of Jimmy Wolfe's red head, and that's hell-fire enow for me.'

In truth the tall, ungainly Irishman with his angular figure and ugly features, surmounted by a mass of red hair, was a fiery leader, and those who followed him often had to encounter perils which almost justified the sailor's irreverent remark.

The failure of all his plans for the reduction of the fortress at last induced Wolfe to conceive and adopt a final desperate resort which might well try the courage of the bravest troops. Upon

it the success or failure of the great enterprise upon which the army had been engaged for months must depend.

Admiral Saunders' ships had successfully run the gauntlet of fire from the French batteries, and a division under Admiral Holmes was cruising in the river above Quebec. This success encouraged Wolfe to determine upon the desperate plan of transferring his troops westward of the city, ferrying them across the St. Lawrence with the aid of the fleet, and bringing Montcalm to battle on the open ground west of the fortifications. Quebec, despite the courage with which the defence was maintained, was in sore straits, and Wolfe reasonably calculated that a defeat in the open would speedily bring about a surrender. The terrible and unquenchable batteries on Levis had rained death and destruction on the city. Churches and hospitals were in ruins and the streets were impassable, so encumbered were they with the *débris* of shattered buildings. Even the rampart batteries were in some cases buried beneath the fallen walls of demolished houses. To such condition was the city reduced that the wretched inhabitants had been forced to seek what scanty shelter they could find near the Hôpital Général, which stood beyond the range of the British guns in a bend of the St. Charles river. Every available spot was crowded with refugees, and even the chapel of the Hospital was filled with wounded so that Mass had to be said in the choir.

The spectre of famine, too, had begun to stalk abroad. Wolfe's soldiers had laid the country waste in every direction, and Admiral Holmes' division, cruising in the St. Lawrence above Quebec, intercepted supplies approaching by way of the river from the west. No wonder that Montcalm and his hungry garrison prayed hard for the coming of winter to drive those terrible ships out of the river. They not only cut off all supplies, but they sorely taxed the energies of Bougainville and the fifteen hundred men whom Montcalm had detached to guard the left bank of the St. Lawrence above the city.

General Murray with a small force had been placed aboard the ships of Holmes' division and had attempted landings at Point-aux-Trembles and La Mulitière, but was repulsed. He did, however, achieve some success at Deschambault, forty-one miles up the river, where he captured and burned a large *dépôt* of provisions, without the loss of a man, before Bougainville could march to the spot. In the face of famine Montcalm's militia were deserting in hundreds, and the fortitude of those who remained was

weakened by the sight of their villages in the surrounding country being given to the flames by Wolfe's troops.

Despite all this, the English made little impression on the grim fortress itself, whose defences still rose almost unimpaired upon the heights of Cape Diamond. September was at hand, and already chilly nights warned the besieging army of the approach of the Canadian winter, a more relentless foe than even Montcalm and his French regulars. It was in these circumstances that Wolfe decided as a last resort upon his desperate plan of crossing the river above Quebec, scaling the cliffs and attacking the defences of the city in rear, a task which Vaudreil declared impossible, unless the English grew wings. There was the additional reason for urgency in that the British general, although only thirty-two, was sorely stricken with disease and felt already the finger of death upon him.

'I know perfectly well you cannot cure me,' he said to his surgeon, 'but pray make me up so that I may be without pain for a few days, and able to do my duty; that is all I want.' He wrote to Pitt about the same time—his last despatch—saying that he was ill and weak, but that he had resolved to throw four or five thousand men across the river and endeavour to draw the enemy to an action on the Plains of Abraham.

So the camp at Montmorency was abandoned and only a few men were left at the Isle of Orleans to deceive the enemy. The position at Levis was also deprived of all but the men necessary to work the guns. Admiral Holmes' division was strengthened, and on the night of September 4 vessels carrying large stores of ammunition and supplies for the troops ran the gauntlet of the French batteries unobserved and anchored off Cap Rouge. Next day seven battalions were marched overland from Levis to a point opposite Sillery Cove, and presently Wolfe had twenty-two ships with nearly four thousand soldiers on board in the river above Quebec. This rearrangement was carried out so secretly that Montcalm had no knowledge of it. The movements of the fleet, however, aroused his suspicions. The ships drifted up and down the river with the tide day after day, apparently seeking for a suitable place to make a landing. Admiral Saunders in the lower bay was threatening to renew the landing at Beauport Flats. Montcalm was still confident that the cliffs were inaccessible to Wolfe's troops, and he retained the bulk of his forces between the St. Charles and the Montmorency. He did, however, increase Bougain-



ville's division, which was watching Admiral Holmes, to about three thousand men, and on September 12 he ordered the regiment of Guienne to occupy the heights above the little bay, a mile and a half above Quebec, now known as Wolfe's Cove. The only guard at this all-important point, the only one for miles where there was any possibility of scaling the cliffs, was a dozen or so men under an officer named Vergor, who had the reputation of being somewhat timid. On the 12th Vergor, knowing perhaps that the regiment of Guienne had been ordered to relieve him, had given permission to the Canadian militiamen, who formed the bulk of his party, to go to their homes for a few days to assist with the harvest. The regiment of Guienne for some reason did not carry out its orders, and on the night of September 12, the very night on which Wolfe was to make his attempt, there were only two or three men at the point where the cliffs were to be scaled, and these went calmly to bed leaving one sleepy sentinel to watch the path leading up from the river. Had Montcalm's orders been carried out Wolfe's forlorn hope instead of finding only a single man to oppose them would have found a regiment, and the enterprise might have ended in disaster ere it had well begun.

Montcalm's soldier instinct had made him uneasy about his western defences. Before dawn on the fatal September 13, he was riding hard for the city from Beauport, and at six in the morning, as he galloped up the slope of St. Charles, he was astounded to see the scarlet uniforms of the British on the spot where he had expected to find the regiment of Guienne.

By the evening of September 12 Wolfe had completed all his preparations for the battle of the morrow, and night came down, starlit and serene. The camp fires of the two armies burned along the shores of the St. Lawrence, and the ships lay at anchor, their riding lights burning clear in the autumn gloom. But on board these ships everyone was alert and thrilling for the coming fight. Wolfe was in the flagship and waited impatient for the turning of the tide, which was to be the signal for the start. After darkness had settled down the ships' boats were lowered and filled with soldiers. The regiments chosen were the Light Infantry, Bragg's, Lascelles', Kennedy's, and Anstruther's regiments, Fraser's Highlanders, the Royal Americans, and the Louisburg Grenadiers, the pick and flower of the besieging army. On shore, in the entrenchments of Cap Rouge, Bougainville's weary division watched the ships for a while, concluded there would be no move that night, and lay

down to sleep. No word was spoken on board the fleet or in the crowded boats. The only sound that broke the stillness was the lapping rustle of the wavelets as they beat softly against the vessels' sides. The General paced the *Sutherland's* deck or leaned with arms folded on the rail watching the distant lights of Quebec.

At ten o'clock a naval officer approached and said in low tones, 'The tide has turned, sir.' Wolfe straightened his pain-bowed figure, and for answer waved his hand towards the *Sutherland's* maintop shrouds. Instantly the signal lanterns, which stood ready lighted on the deck, swung aloft, and at the same moment the boats cast off and dropped slowly down stream on the ebbing tide. Wolfe stepped over the side of the flagship, took his place in his boat, and was rowed to the head of the flotilla. Before leaving the ship he had taken from his breast the portrait of his affianced wife and handing it to his old schoolfellow, Captain John Jarvis, of H.M.S. *Porcupine* (afterwards Lord St. Vincent), asked him to return it to her in the event of his death.

As the boats passed slowly down the river Wolfe repeated aloud two stanzas from Gray's 'Elegy,' closing with the line—prophetic in his case—'The path of glory leads but to the grave.' Turning to the officers seated beside him in the boat he said, 'Gentlemen, I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec.'

The boats swept onward, and after a time the ships weighed anchor and also dropped down stream with the troops of the second division on board. Bougainville's soldiers at Cap Rouge were too tired or too careless to march along the river bank to watch them. Two hours had elapsed, and the leading boats had drawn near the landing place. The foremost was carried somewhat past the selected spot when from the darkness of the cliff above a drowsy voice hailed 'Qui vive?' 'La France,' replied an officer of Fraser's Highlanders, who had served in Flanders and had there learned to speak French.

'À quel régiment?' queried the voice. 'De la Reine,' answered the Highlander, adding in warning tones, 'Ne faites pas de bruit; ce sont les vivres.'

The English had learned from a deserter that boats laden with supplies were expected that night to try and run the blockade of Holmes' division. Bougainville had countermanded the convoy, but he sent no intimation to Vergor. The sentry was satisfied, and the boats pulled in shore and the troops disembarking, hastily but

silently, stood on the narrow strand. Twenty-four volunteers from the Light Infantry, who had offered themselves for an unknown but important enterprise, at once set out under command of Colonel Howe to scale the cliff.

The path which Wolfe had seen some days before with his telescope was found to be obstructed by abattis, but the men pulled themselves up by the roots and branches of trees, and as dawn was breaking reached the top. Through the dim light they saw the tents of Vergor's sleeping encampment and dashed at them. The few men in them, roused from their sleep, fled at once, but Vergor, though reputed a coward, stood firm and fired his pistols, and some of the Light Infantry returned his fire. The report of the shots and the cheers of the forlorn hope under Colonel Howe apprised Wolfe that his first step had been successful. He gave the word to advance, and the remainder of the troops swarmed up the cliff to join their comrades. The boats returned to the ships for more men. Presently the gunners in the batteries at Samos and Sillery saw what was in progress, and they opened fire on the boats and on Holmes' squadron. Colonel Howe and the Light Infantry were sent to silence the batteries, which they effectually did, and the debarkation proceeded rapidly.

Meanwhile, the fleet in the basin by the Isle of Orleans began to bombard the trenches at Beauport, and the batteries on Levis opened a fierce fire against Quebec itself. It was now daylight, and Montcalm, having ridden up in the grey dawn from Beauport, knew what threatened. But he was too late. Wolfe's troops were already in position, and were hastily entrenching themselves on the heights. Montcalm ordered his troops up from Beauport, and sent messages to Bougainville urging him to march with all haste from Cap Rouge and threaten the British rear. But Vaudreil lagged on the way from Beauport in unaccountable fashion, and there was no sign of Bougainville. At eight in the morning Montcalm determined to attack before the British had time to complete their entrenchments. He hoped, no doubt, that Vaudreil and Bougainville would arrive in time to decide the fortunes of the day. So with the regiments of Royal Roussillon, La Sarre, Languedoc, and Béarne (that of Guienne was already on the field), he moved out of the St. John and St. Louis Gates, accompanied by some Canadian militia, the armed burghers of Quebec, and a swarm of *coureurs-de-bois* and Indians. The French force was divided into three columns, under Sennezergue, St. Ours, and

Faitbonne respectively. All three of these officers as well as the Commander-in-Chief died that day for France. Montcalm placed himself with the centre column at the head of the regiment of Languedoc. His line of battle extended along the rising ground in front of the city walls from near the heights above the St. Lawrence to those overlooking the St. Charles.

Wolfe had disposed his troops so that his line was roughly parallel to that of the French. The plain at the scene of the battle is barely a mile wide, but the British force was not sufficiently strong to extend its left to the St. Charles heights, so the 15th Foot was thrown back at almost right angles to the general alignment. Wolfe's position was dangerous in the extreme; he had not only Montcalm's army and the garrison of Quebec in front, but there was Bougainville with three thousand men in his rear. Montcalm, if he had waited a few hours, could have assembled at least ten thousand men and thirty guns against the British, and might have hurled them off the heights ere the sun had set. But the French general appears to have lost his usual calmness of judgment, and he decided to risk a battle with such troops as he could muster in Quebec itself, in all about five thousand men with three guns. This was approximately the strength of Wolfe's army, but it was composed of seasoned veterans, while the enemy included a considerable proportion of militia, untrained *coureurs-de-bois*, and Indians.

Wolfe posted his troops with the 35th, then an Irish regiment, on the right. Next to them were the Louisburg Grenadiers, and then in succession to the left the 28th, 43rd, 47th, Fraser's Highlanders, and the 58th, with the 15th thrown back on the flank as already described. The Royal Americans (60th) and the 48th were in reserve, and the Light Infantry was a long way in rear watching for the advent of Bougainville. Wolfe's brigadiers were Monckton, Townsend, and Murray. Monckton commanded the right, and with him Wolfe himself remained, being probably under the impression that Montcalm might try to turn his right and cut off the retreat towards the river. Down the middle of the British position ran a road, and on it was posted a six-pounder, which the bluejackets had man-handled up the precipitous path from the St. Lawrence. So the two armies stood at eight o'clock in the morning.

Montcalm's first move was to send forward a swarm of Indians and *coureurs-de-bois* as skirmishers, and these opened a galling fire on the British, especially on the left, where there was close cover.

Murray's brigade suffered so severely that he presently brought up the 60th to support his flank and help to drive the French skirmishers out of the woods and houses. The centre and right were not much troubled, and for a time the men remained lying down biding their time without firing a shot. Montcalm's three field guns opened, and were replied to with great spirit by the six-pounder on the Sillery Road. So the morning wore on until ten o'clock, when the whole French line advanced, the white-coated regulars in the centre, the militia and Indians swarming on their flanks. Firing as they came on, the French line made a gallant show, but the silent, steady British made no reply. Wolfe's soldiers had loaded their muskets with an extra ball and stood with arms recovered till the French advanced to within a hundred yards, then to eighty, and at last to fifty yards. Every detail of the French uniforms was visible, even to the patterns on their buttons. Then, at last, Wolfe gave the signal. The muskets were lowered in a deadly line, and 'the most perfect volley ever heard on a battlefield crashed from the British ranks as if fired from a single monstrous weapon.' The only other ever heard like it was that fired by Lord Hay's terrible column at the battle of Fontenoy. A dense bank of smoke blotted the French from sight, but from behind it came a dreadful din of clattering arms and horrid groans and cries. The rattle of the British ramrods mingled with the sound as the men reloaded, and when the smoke cleared another frightful volley smashed through the shattered ranks, and the French broke and fled in hopeless confusion before that awful hail.

Montcalm, conspicuous on a black charger, tried to rally his men, but in vain. Now was the moment to strike, and Wolfe gave the order to charge. Sword in hand he rushed forward at the head of the 28th. He had been wounded in the wrist early in the day, but had covered the wound with his handkerchief. Another bullet struck him in the groin, but he still strode forward, when a third shot passed through his lungs and he sank to the ground, while the troops drove the French before them in dismay towards Quebec.

Wolfe was borne to the rear, and as his weeping soldiers laid him down, he said gently, 'There is no need'—someone had called for a surgeon—'it is all over with me.'

His head fell forward and the mists of death gathered in his eyes. 'They run; see how they run!' cried an officer of the Louisburg Grenadiers, who was supporting the drooping form of the dying general.

'Who run?' demanded Wolfe. 'The enemy, sir,' replied the officer.

'Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton and tell him to march Webb's regiment (the 28th) down to Charles River to cut off the retreat from the bridge.'

This was the gallant Wolfe's last order. Even as he gave it he slipped down out of the arms of those who held him. Turning on his side he sighed, 'Now God be praised I can die in peace.' With the words he died.

Almost at the same moment Montcalm, directing the retreat of his flying troops, was shot through the body and he fell forward in his saddle. Two soldiers sprang to his assistance and supported him as his horse was led into the city through the St. John Gate to the house of Arnoux, the surgeon. To the women who shrieked 'Le Marquis est tué,' as they caught sight of his bloodstained uniform, he said, 'It is nothing, it is nothing.' Being told by the surgeon that the wound was mortal, Montcalm replied, 'So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec.' In answer to an appeal for guidance from the laggard Vaudreil he directed the army to retreat beyond Cap Rouge, and dictated the following note to the English commander, Townsend, for Wolfe was dead and Monckton disabled.

'Monsieur, the humanity of the English sets my mind at peace concerning the fate of the French prisoners and the Canadians. Feel towards them as they have caused me to feel. Be their protector, as I have been their father.'

Then he set himself to prepare for death, and ere the dawn death had come to him. He was buried in a trench dug by a bursting shell alongside the wall of the Ursuline Convent, and within the building his skull is reverently exposed to-day.

The French army fled thirty miles west of Quebec, and on September 17 De Ramézay delivered up the city. The transfer had barely taken place when messengers arrived to say that De Levis, Montcalm's successor, was advancing to the relief, but the news came too late. A garrison was placed in the city under command of General Murray and Admiral Saunders, and the fleet sailed for England bearing with them the body of Wolfe, to be laid beside his father's in the parish church of Greenwich.

The leaves of autumn were falling when the British flag was unfurled above Quebec, but before the winter's snows had gone the French under De Levis made a final effort to wrest it from Murray

and his garrison of 'half-starved scorbutic skeletons,' as an officer of the force described them. Although he could only muster about three thousand men fit to bear arms, so far had his garrison of seven thousand been reduced by hunger and disease, Murray, like Montcalm, decided to go out and meet the enemy on the Plains of Abraham.

On April 28, with the troops knee-deep in melting snow, what is sometimes called the 'Second Battle of the Plains' was fought. Part of the action took place on the very ground where Wolfe won the ever memorable victory of September 13, but the heaviest fighting was in the woods and meadows nearer the village of Ste. Foye, and the battle usually goes by that name. De Levis had fully nine thousand men against Murray's three thousand, and after a desperate and bloody action the latter was forced to retire within the walls of Quebec with the loss of more than one-third of his force. Quebec was again invested, and it was only the timely arrival of the British fleet that saved it from capture. The ships destroyed the French commander's bateaux and stores, and on May 15 De Levis raised the siege and retired to Montreal.

It is the ground rendered sacred by these two battles, with their alternate victory and defeat, which it is now proposed to consecrate as a national possession for the people of Canada. No nobler site could be found for a national park nor one enriched with prouder traditions, for the mingled races concerned in its dedication. The battlefields occupy practically the whole of the promontory from the heights of Cape Diamond to the slightly lower ground not far from Spencerwood, the residence of the Lieut.-Governor of Quebec, and formerly the home of the Governors-General of Canada. On one side flows the majestic St. Lawrence, on the other the sluggish St. Charles meanders through its beautiful valley.

As far as the eye can reach a splendid prospect extends. To the east a widespreading landscape, dotted with pleasant villages, smiling homesteads, and dark-green woods, unfolds itself till the prospect blends into the swelling purple of the Laurentian Mountains, the world's oldest hills. Across the St. Lawrence is the village of Levis, its spires and churches backed by fertile uplands, while towards the ocean rise the ramparts of Quebec, and beyond these again the widening estuary of the St. Lawrence spread with islands, its banks the scene of peaceful prosperity, where the 'habitants' and the descendants of Fraser's Highlanders, now more

French than the French themselves in all but name, dwell in amity together.

Forest, river, mountain, picturesque hamlet, and broad, well-cultivated fields combine to form a prospect than which the world holds no fairer; and dominating all, firmly fixed on her rocky height and nestling round its base with the river at her feet, sits Quebec, the most ancient, the most captivating, the most historic city on the continent, vibrant with the eager throbbing life of the new world, yet full of the charm and quaintness of the old.

It is in these picturesque and historic surroundings that the British and French Canadians, ignoring the animosities of the past, are together building up one of the great nations of the earth. Here shorn of their cruelties and oppressions are being re-enacted under our eyes from day to day the events which followed the Conquest of England by William of Normandy, when Saxon and Norman amalgamated to form the English race as it exists at this hour. The process then was a slow one, and centuries passed before the fusion of the two peoples was complete. Nor does Canada offer a wide contrast in this respect. One of the features of the problem in Quebec that strikes one most forcibly is the tardiness with which the two peoples who inhabit the province are mingling. In aims and aspirations, and in loyal co-operation towards the common end the British and French are as one, but the racial streams flow on apart, just as when two great rivers join in a common channel many a mile must be followed before the signs of their separate sources are lost, and the mingled waters course onward undistinguishably together. The French have absorbed Fraser's Highlanders, but the more prepotent Anglo-Saxon preserves himself apart. Perhaps the greatest obstacle is language. This stands up between the peoples of Quebec as an impassable barrier at the impressionable age when the chances of fusion are most favourable, and mixed marriages are of comparatively rare occurrence.

There is a side to this question which is of deep interest to anyone who cares to look into the future. The French-Canadians are one of the most prolific peoples in the world. Their birth rate surpasses even that of Russia, while that of their coheritors of the soil of Canada tends year by year to follow the declining scale which prevails at home in England. If the tendency which is at present so obvious continues to prevail, the predominant strain in the Canadian race of the future will undoubtedly be French. Less than a generation ago there were indications that emigration to the

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United States would absorb the surplus French-Canadian population. Latterly, however, this tide has turned. The development of Canada affords ample scope for the energies of all her children, and the sons of the 'habitant' when they leave the parental homestead go west instead of south, and lend their stout arms to dig the mines and cut the lumber of Ontario, or break the prairies of the North West. The situation is one of which no man can see the end, but whatever its outcome Englishmen now have no fear that the French-Canadian will wish to sever the British connection. They are Canadians first, and they have every reason to be proud of their natiaveland, but they are true Imperialists, and prize as highly as any people under the flag their place in the British Empire.

An incident which came under my notice last autumn brought this home to me convincingly. I had the privilege to be one of the officers of a detachment of Volunteer Artillery which went to Canada last July to engage in military competitions with the Canadian Militia. For a portion of the visit we were quartered in the citadel of Quebec. During our stay the officer commanding the fortress was a French-Canadian, and I never met an officer who was prouder of the uniform he wore. An ancestor of his had fought under Montcalm in the defence of Quebec. We discussed that great event, and he, not I, was warmest in the expression of the view that what happened there was best for Canada and her people. Together we went over the Plains of Abraham, and were mutual in our regrets that the battlefield whereon the army in which his forefather had fought and that to which he himself now belonged had gained imperishable glory, was so much neglected.

Little, in truth, has hitherto been done to commemorate the great events which occurred on this fair terrain a century and a half ago. On the Plains of Abraham a tall pillar, with the simple legend

' HERE DIED  
WOLFE  
VICTORIOUS,'

marks the spot where the hero fell. A couple of miles out of Quebec along the leafy Ste. Foye road, at the spot where the April snows were dyed with the blood of both armies, an iron column surmounted by a statue of Bellona, the gift of Napoleon III. (then Prince Napoleon Bonaparte), stands with the inscription 'Aux Braves,' in commemoration of the soldiers of both armies who died in the Second Battle of the Plains. In Quebec a common memorial

records the name and the fate of the two commanders who died on the same fatal September 13, 1759. It bears the following inscription :

WOLFE    MONTCALM  
MORTEM VIRTUS COMMUNEM  
FAMAM HISTORIA  
MONUMENTUM POSTERITAS  
DEDIT  
A.D. 1827

The battlefield has not only been entirely neglected, but it is disfigured and disgraced by the presence of a common gaol erected on its sacred soil, actually between the spot where Wolfe received his first wound and that where he breathed his last. Other almost equally inappropriate buildings, including a factory, desecrate the scene. It is now proposed to remove these, and to render the site worthy in some degree at least of the men and the events associated with it. The time for this has been fittingly chosen. This month Quebec will celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of her foundation by Champlain on the site of the ancient Indian village of Stadacona.

The proposal for the consecration of the Plains of Abraham as the main feature of the Tercentenary Celebrations has touched a chord which thrills through the whole Empire of which Canada is such a glorious part. It has found a warm and responsive echo in the French Republic and in Canada's near neighbour, the United States of America. Every portion of the Empire is joining in the movement, and France and the United States are sending ships and soldiers to join our own in paying tribute to the memory of the great dead. The United States, as well as France and ourselves, has a right to participate in the consecration of the heights behind Cape Diamond. Her sons have also shed their blood and laid their bones within the shadow of Quebec, first as loyal colonists under Wolfe and later as gallant enemies under General Montgomery, who died a soldier's death on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

His Majesty King Edward has given his warm approval and support to the project, and, as mentioned above, the Prince and Princess of Wales will take part in the ceremony of dedication. The details of Earl Grey's noble proposal are simple and direct. His suggestion is that the Plains of Abraham shall be purchased from the present owners, that the present buildings which disfigure the

battlefield shall be removed, and the plains put in a shape which will gratify the historic sentiment of British, French, and Americans alike. A museum is to be erected on the field, where the relics and the records of the past will be stored, and, lastly, the famous Dufferin Terrace, the most magnificent promenade in the world, is to be continued along the edge of the cliffs overhanging the St. Lawrence to the place where Wolfe's forlorn hope scaled the heights, and thence along the road over which he marched his men before they deployed in battle formation, across the battlefield of Ste. Foye, over the picturesque heights of St. Charles, which look out over the valley to the mountains beyond, and so back to Quebec through the St. John's Gate.

Earl Grey has also suggested that a figure of the Angel of Peace should take the place of the magazine on the extreme edge of Cape Diamond, so that the first object the emigrant or the visitor will see as he sails up the St. Lawrence will be the outstretched arms of the figure of Peace welcoming him to the new land. These are admirable and well-conceived proposals, which if carried out, as they certainly will be, will awaken and inspire the most generous sentiments and recollections. They will not unworthily commemorate the great and fruitful deeds which men of heroic mould in days gone by sealed with their blood; they will create new bonds of amity and friendship between England and France, and establish a fresh community of sentiment between the two older nations and the two great peoples which have sprung from their loins on the other side of the Atlantic.

R. J. MACHUGH.

*THE BOOK ON THE TABLE.<sup>1</sup>*

If those who speak with authority on the subject are to be trusted, we have never been more near to a friendly understanding with Nature. There is a way in particular, neither difficult nor very arduous, by which we may quickly learn all that is essential to know of her. We must set aside inherited fears of darkness and our degraded love of roofs and walls, and, provided with pillows and a few rugs, commit ourselves bravely to a night out on some sheltered English lawn in summer time. So, in the dark and silent hours when the heavens are nearest to us, personality—as one of Nature's devotees has expressed it—glides into the stream of cosmic existence and the fellowship of all existences within the universe is made real and significant to the initiated mind. Beautiful it is after these hours of enlightened sleep to rise with the sun, our hearts new made, innocent and kind as Nature herself. Not for all, however, such cleansings of the spirit. Nature, like other ladies of high estate, has, it seems, her fastidious preferences, rigid laws of approach, and methods of avoidance. The townsman who could not, if he would, sleep upon a lawn clearly knows her not; nor the labourer who, living by toil on land and sea, dreads nothing so much as the breath of Nature in places where he sleeps; nor the sportsman who surely is but a hired servant, else would he not write essays upon her charms? Thus Nature, friendly and amenable as she is, grants access to a favoured few only, and they rejoice in her as a possession not merely lovely but exclusive.

Meanwhile here and there a sportsman breaks silence and tells us strange things of this gentle beneficent Nature of ours. Let us hear what Colonel Patterson, for instance, has to say of the fellowship of all existences as observed from the branches of a tree in the wilds of East Africa. 'It was a calm and perfect night, such as can be seen only in the tropics' . . . the economy in description is tantalising, but the writer has other occupation on hand than to register picturesque impressions. In these still

<sup>1</sup> *The Man-Eaters of Tsavo, and other East African Adventures*, by Colonel J. H. Patterson.

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hours, 'when the heavens are nearest,' all the beasts of the forest are astir. From his hidden post of observation the watcher sees them as they come one by one to drink from the river near at hand: water-buck, bush-buck, then a tiny antelope, pausing at every step, on the alert for traces of some unseen enemy, till it reaches the river and stoops to drink:

Just then I saw a jackal come up on its trail and begin carefully to stalk it, not even rustling a leaf in its advance on the poor little antelope. All of a sudden the jackal stopped dead for a second and then made off out of sight as fast as he could go. I looked round to discover the cause of this sudden exit, and then to my surprise saw a large and very beautiful leopard crouching down and moving noiselessly in the direction of our tree. At first I thought it must be stalking some animal on the ground below us, but I soon realised that it was Mahina [the writer's gun-bearer] that the brute was intent on.

Such is Nature's way under tropical stars, and such the simple life with its golden rule beautifully 'symmetrical,' as doctors say of well-defined disease. But this is a comparatively uneventful night far on in the book. Colonel Patterson has to tell of others bearing a darker, or should we say a more strikingly natural, character? Nights in human settlements made dreadful by the roarings of approaching peril and by silences more eloquent still of danger, when the shouts of terrified men pass from camp to camp the warning: 'Beware, brothers, the devil is coming.'

In part this story of the two man-eating lions who, in a corner of British East Africa seriously disturbed the process of Empire-building, actually bringing work on one section of the Uganda Railway works to a standstill for several weeks, is already a matter of minor history. Colonel Patterson has here for the first time put into permanent form the incidents, and grim enough they are. Working over a radius of eight miles containing widely scattered camps of working men surrounded by impenetrable jungle, the man-eaters possessed natural advantages of which for nine months they made use so cunning and disastrous that the natives believed they had no mere mortal enemies to deal with but the angry spirits of two departed native chiefs protesting in this manner against the desecration of their country by a railway. The author records the feelings of despair with which, as he kept vigil in the most likely places night after night, far-off cries and commotion would tell him that the lions had accomplished their deadly work elsewhere. Swift and terrible are the tragedies described. One of the author's *jemadars*, 'a fine powerful Sikh,' sleeps in a tent with half a dozen

workmen. Suddenly at midnight a lion puts his head through the open door, seizes Ungan Singh by the throat, the unfortunate man throwing his arms round the lion's neck and crying out, 'Let go!' as he disappears in the darkness. And noiseless always. Through fences of thorn held to be impassable, the great cat-like mysterious creatures continually force their way without a sound. They are the embodiment of sudden destruction. A man casually opens his tent door to find himself face to face with death. Or, as he lies sick in the security of hospital, the huge brute plunges upon him through the roof, so ending his ills once for all. Or he is quietly taken from beside his sleeping wife, who wakes 'with a feeling as if the pillow had been moved from under her.' Sometimes the man-eaters betrayed fear in the presence of human beings: we read of one in his haste to be gone carrying off a mattress instead of the man lying upon it, of another mistaking a bag of rice for the coolie's head; but in the end they were very bold, and would fetch their victim as he sat amongst his friends by a brightly burning fire, and—regardless of man and his weapons—would devour him within earshot of the enclosure. One such night the author recalls when 'the sound of their dreadful purring filled the air and rang in my ears for days afterwards.'

The Indian coolie has no great objection to death in the abstract and—it is in this perhaps that he most differs from ourselves—is under no obligation to show more of altruistic sentiment than he feels. It was little to him that every few nights one or another of his fellow-workmen perished horribly so long as his own chances of escape stood as three or four thousand to one. But as the main railway camp moved forward, leaving at Tsavo a few hundred concentrated in one spot, then—in the words of the Hindu poet who afterwards celebrated these events—'the people would sit and cry like cranes, complaining of the deeds of the lions.' Numbers of them, after a formal protest to their chief that they had come from India to work for the Government, not to serve as food for demons, fled from the evil-haunted place, those who dared to remain building themselves 'lion-proof' huts, or sleeping in pits under their tents, or slinging their bed to the branches of any available tree.

The part played by the narrator in this strange contest between man and beast must be read chiefly between the lines. From a lightly dropped 'as usual' we learn that the engineer in charge of the line added to his daily work of railway construction the extra

duty of demon-hunting by night. There were also holidays spent in painful exploration of thorny undergrowth, where it is to be conjectured that the hunter was exceedingly fortunate in failing to meet with his desired enemy, and one critical night which might easily have crowned instead of avenging the many catastrophes that went before. It is a noticeable proof of the dread and horror inspired by the deeds of these too successful man-eaters that the author in recounting their exploits never once accords them any of the terms of respect their persistent daring in some sense, one must think, deserved. Nor were their depredations altogether without cause. In a suggestive sentence Colonel Patterson tells how as from the frail wooden platform he felt rather than saw his formidable antagonist edging his way nearer and nearer, the profound stillness of the jungle was broken by 'a long-drawn sigh, sure sign of hunger.' One is conscious of a futile desire to hear the story for a moment from the other side. Viewed so, the black criminality of the lions would resolve itself into skilful and perilous hunting for necessary food, and the criminals would not differ greatly from some of their human neighbours, from the Wa Kamba, for example, of whom we learn that they were 'a peace-loving people when not hungry,' in which state they would think nothing of annihilating a railway maintenance for the food stores in their possession. There is no evidence that the Tsavo man-eater killed for the sake of killing. If he was a brute, on the whole it may be said that he was not an unreasonable brute. What shall we say of his fellow-beast, the Tsavo leopard, who in one night, for the mere fun of it, destroyed thirty sheep and goats? And of many others like him well known to Nature? We shall hardly escape from the conclusion lately set down by one who ought to know. 'It is useless,' writes Mr. Selous, 'for the scientist or the divine to tell an old hunter that there is no cruelty in Nature, because the man who has spent many years of his life in a wild country knows by actual experience that such an assertion is not true.'<sup>1</sup>

There are pages here also, notably those on the mutiny of the Pathan stonemasons, which throw a dark light on the human side, and are yet not to be read without pride. For the rest, the story moves fairly balanced between construction and destruction, and appeals to us in the first instance no doubt by that which measured in chapters is its least part, the epic of the Tsavo lions,

<sup>1</sup> *African Nature Notes and Reminiscences.*

so amazingly old, so amazingly new, having its roots, one must suppose, in the first experiences of the race, and for flower—the Uganda Railway and that desert sprig of civilisation, Nairobi, with its six thousand inhabitants, its telegraph wires, and its ‘well laid out racecourse’? Travellers in British East Africa may or may not view with interest the Tsavo Bridge, whose building was accomplished in the face of difficulties so extraordinary, but we must owe it at least a debt of gratitude as having occasioned a book of singular interest. Whether its perusal will in all respects increase the love and reverence it is said we should feel for Nature and all her wild children, will probably depend on the private use to which we put that hard-exercised word. Nature and human nature ‘neat’ are not unlikely to prove upsetting to some of our comfortable home-grown theories. We may prefer—it is often more convenient—to ignore them in that form. To pursue the dreams we like to dream upon English lawns when the weather is fine, it is fortunately not necessary to observe Nature very closely. Is that a patch of feathers in the distance and a sated feline creature slinking out of sight? Very likely. We do not look that way. Our business is to greet the dawn in unison with singing birds—above all, to feel ourselves innocent, kind, and gentle, being one with Nature.

ELEANOR CECIL.



*AT CHRISTIE'S.*

' YOUNG lady, with a linnet in a cage ' ;  
 Where was thy home, and what thy little name,  
 Ere yet such strangers both to thee became  
 As these, who now—thy venal suitors—rage,  
 And round thee rude, ignoble conflict wage  
 For ashes pale—long fled the blushing flame  
 That to thy cheek, as Reynolds touched it, came,  
 Whenas thy charms did every Muse engage ?

Thy world admitted no such insolent crowd  
 As now may stare into thy maiden eyes,  
 May laud thee to thy very face aloud,  
 Make of thy smile in this mean mart the prize ;  
 Yet gain not thee—far folded in thy shroud—  
 All else the diamond or the dollar buys.

C. J. D.

*NAPOLEON'S RETURN FROM ST. HELENA.*<sup>1</sup>

AN EYE-WITNESS'S ACCOUNT OF A MEMORABLE EVENT.

ONE of the mysteries of history is the motive that led Louis Philippe to bring the body of the Great Emperor back to France. It was a political blunder, soon made manifest so far as his own reign and dynasty were concerned. Warning after warning had reached him. Not a year of the July monarchy had passed before Prince Louis Bonaparte, lately affiliated with the Carbonari, was secretly rousing the Napoleonic fervour of the south of France; until, in May 1831, he brought the veterans of the Grand Army before the Emperor's column in the Place Vendôme, to proclaim the son of their great general as Napoleon II. In 1836 (the Duc de Reichstadt being dead) Louis Bonaparte, now styling himself Louis Napoleon, made the attempt on his own behalf at Strasburg, where his strength with the army was much greater than the authorities allowed it to appear. And at Boulogne, in 1840, his third attempt, made ridiculous by a tame eagle, was in reality a gathering of the officers and men of the Old Army, prepared to rouse the north of France—a project which was nipped in the bud solely by Prince Louis's incurable lack of punctuality.

Yet these very veterans were summoned by Louis Philippe to receive the body of their hero on its arrival in Paris!

Perhaps it was the old man's confidence in himself as the 'citizen-king,' the chosen 'King of the French'; a vanity that may have been—probably was—worked upon by his then Prime Minister, M. Thiers, for ends of his own. Thiers, a true patriot at times, was always, first and last, for self; and he doubtless felt that Napoleon's return would place a crown upon his history of 'The Consulate and the Empire.' The old politician may also have looked for some personal glory in the return. If so, he was disappointed. The Eastern Question (that crucial question raised by the crusades and left unsettled to this day) cropped up; war was imminent between France and England, and M. Thiers was forced, before the arrival of Napoleon's body, to resign his position to Soult and Guizot.

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1908, in the United States of America.

Be this as it may, it is certain that the dramatic return of the Emperor, keeping alive the Napoleonic tradition in the hearts of the people, was one of the causes that led to the Second Empire, which, by a strange turn of fate, was destined to destroy, for ever and aye, the power of that tradition over the minds of Frenchmen.

On July 7, 1840, the frigate *Belle Poule*, under command of Louis Philippe's third son, the Prince de Joinville, sailed from Toulon for St. Helena, having on board, in addition to the government officials, Baron Las Casas, Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, the Abbé Coquereau, and four of Napoleon's former servants.

On November 30 the Prince de Joinville announced the return of the frigate to Cherbourg, bearing its precious freight. The coffin had been opened, for two minutes, at St. Helena, and the Emperor was found to look exactly as Las Casas and Bertrand remembered that he looked when laid within it. The face was perfect; the well-known green uniform retained its colour, the cross of the Legion of Honour its brilliancy. Thus it was indeed the body of Napoleon himself, and not his mere 'remains,' that came back, according to the prayer of his last will and testament, to the banks of the Seine.

At Cherbourg the body was transferred, with its attendant company and the crew of the *Belle Poule*, to a flotilla that bore it to Havre, at the mouth of the Seine; where again it was transferred, with its guard of honour, to the deck of a barge, on which, visible to all eyes, it was floated up the river. This was, perhaps, the most remarkable period of the great return—the most purely emotional. From far and near the population of the north of France, men, women and children, flocked to the banks of the Seine, where they knelt, weeping and praying, as their Emperor passed. The survivors of the Grand Army brought their old muskets to fire, under no word of command, their individual salutes. It was indeed a triumph—greater than Rome could show; without pomp, without victory, the untutored homage of a population.

The *Belle Poule* had reached Cherbourg before she was due; the preparations for the reception in Paris were far from completed; five miles of quay and avenue were still to be decorated. Armies of workmen, soldiers, labourers, artisans, toiled night and day under the general orders of the Director of the Beaux-Arts.

We were living in Paris at the time. After passing the summer in Switzerland, intending to spend the winter in Italy, our humble

plans were interfered with by that upsetting Eastern Question. Our father, being a British naval officer, could not obtain a furlough beyond a certain distance from the English coast. This loss proved to be our gain on this occasion. We spent that preparatory week in roaming over the whole line of march, peeping, when we could, under the canvas screens and into the wooden huts where artists and artisans were putting the last touches to their work.

The evening before the great day we walked the whole length of the Champs Elysées, from the Place de la Concorde to the Arch, to see the general effect of the decorations, which were then uncovered. Hundreds of carts and workmen were sanding the avenue, which gave the whole roadway a golden hue. Of course neither vehicles nor pedestrians were allowed upon it. At each side of the avenue and close to the leafless trees were colossal statues of Napoleon's victories, raised high on pedestals bearing the name of each victory, garlanded with laurel and *immortelles*. Alternating with the statues were triumphal columns, surmounted by golden eagles and draped with flags and other trophies. Between each statue and column were huge vases, of wide, open shape, also on pedestals, in which incense was to burn the next day as the procession passed. On the summit of the Arch of Triumph stood the Emperor, bearing his sceptre, and surrounded by allegorical figures. From this vantage ground the great captain looked down upon the flags of all his armies, floating beneath him in the breeze.

The next day the cold was intense, the north wind piercing, but the sun was bright. Crowds, the like of which were never seen (they were said to number over 700,000 persons), filled the sides of the avenue by daybreak; roofs were invisible; every tree was laden with men and *gamins*. We had great difficulty in reaching the house from the windows of which we were to view the procession. This house was on the right of the Champs Elysées (going toward the Arch) and a little above the Rond Point. It was nearly opposite to a small house in which lived the Duc de Morny, then an ardent Orleanist, though exactly eleven years later (December 1851) he inspired and engineered the Coup d'Etat!

The cold, as I have mentioned, was bitter; many hundred persons were said to have died from its effects. A Portuguese gentleman in the room with us fell a victim to it. Yet it could not have been as severe as the cold of America, for I recollect my girlish satisfaction in a new winter garment, a thin silk mantilla,

slightly wadded, to be sure, but so made as not to cover the arms below the elbows.

A great pang was in our minds that day. After sixty-seven years I remember it keenly. Louis Napoleon had made, during the previous summer, his attempt at Boulogne. With him at Ham was Count Montholon, Napoleon's faithful friend and companion at St. Helena. He had been inveigled into joining Prince Louis's expedition, not knowing its purpose. He now implored the Government to allow him to be present at the return of his great master, offering to appear 'as a prisoner if necessary.' His request was denied. I remember perfectly the anguish we felt as the other friends and generals of the Emperor passed and he was not among them. Nobody thought or cared for the 'neveu de mon oncle,' but that Montholon was not there was a grief.

The Emperor's body, when landed from the barge at Courbevoie, was placed upon the imperial car, or catafalque. The place intended for it, the sarcophagus, was at the apex of the car, over thirty feet from the ground. This sarcophagus was supported by twelve angelic figures, life size. They stood on the centre of the body of the catafalque, which, in its turn, was guarded by other life-sized figures, all of them symbolical. The whole construction, wheels and all, was of burnished gold. Its sides were draped with violet velvet, while from the upper sarcophagus floated an exquisite transparent veil of violet gauze studded with golden bees. The car was drawn by sixteen horses, harnessed four abreast, and covered entirely, so that their colour could not be seen, by trappings of cloth of gold. Stately white and violet plumes were on their heads, and each horse was led by a groom in the imperial green livery.

The intention had been to place the body in the upper receptacle. But, on attempting to do this, the structure was found to be too weak; the Emperor's coffin was therefore laid on the main body of the catafalque, concealed by the velvet draperies. This, however, was not known at the time; and as the procession passed we all thought that he lay in the upper sarcophagus.

The Champs Elysées, golden-sanded as I have said, was guarded on its left side, from the Place de la Concorde to the Arch, by the National Guard. When the procession, coming from Neuilly, reached the arch—the Arch of his Glory—the catafalque was halted beneath it for a few moments. During those moments the people, in their blind enthusiasm, really believed, many of them,

that Napoleon would rise from the dead when brought beneath the Arc de Triomphe. I recollect how eager we were to go up and see the car pause under the Arch. But our father would not take us, for the crowd was terrific; and, moreover, there was a dumb alarm felt that some formidable Bonapartist uprising might, then and there, take place. Certain it is that the cannon stationed round the Arch, under the guise of 'trophies,' were so placed as to rake the avenues in case of an outbreak.

At last—at last the procession was seen coming down the Champs Elysées past our windows. First came innumerable squadrons of all regiments, in all uniforms, preceded by a body of trumpeters. I cannot remember anything about them, except their splendid effect. Neither can I remember any sounds. Music there must have been, shouts there may have been, but I remember nothing of them. We were breathless to see the *real* thing. It came—first in the shape of an old white horse, said to be the son of Marengo who carried his master at Wagram. At any rate, the saddle, bridle and housings were those worn by Marengo on that occasion, and preserved in the Hôtel Cluny.

Then, after its guard of honour, came the imperial car—came Napoleon to the banks of the Seine. On either side were the sailors of the *Belle Poule*, marching two and two at the edge of the avenue; thus leaving a broad golden space, along which the car moved lightly, gracefully, yet grandly.

I cannot recall any sounds as the Emperor passed us. Men stood with bared heads in the biting wind; silent, it seemed to me, till their pent-up emotion broke forth in a sort of sob as the remnants of the Grand Army followed their great leader. Ah, what a sight that was!—those old, maimed men, in faded uniforms of every grade and colour; sappers and miners, grenadiers, dragoons, lancers, and, above all, the survivors of the Old Guard. Poor, broken heroes! of what were they thinking? Did the piercing cold remind them of the Russian retreat? Or were their thoughts on glory only? on the 'little corporal' who led 'the terrible blast that carried their laurels the wide world through' to victories amid the images of which they were then marching? Thirty years had elapsed since they won them. Could they have looked forward thirty years and seen the degradation to which the glory of war and the Napoleonic tradition were to bring France in the 'Terrible Year,' the great delusion as to what a nation's true glory is must have dropped from their aged minds.

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Well, the great event was over. We did not see the reception at the Invalides, the two sights being incompatible. But we had seen the real thing—the coming of Napoleon through the masses of his people to the place where he would be. The services in the church were somewhat perfunctory. The king advanced to meet the coffin. The Prince de Joinville said, 'Sire, I present to you the body of Napoleon.' The king replied, 'I receive it in the name of France.' Then, turning to General Bertrand, he said, 'General, place the glorious sword of the Emperor upon his coffin.' Mass was then said, and Mozart's 'Requiem' sung, the solo parts being taken by Lablache, Rubini, Tamburini, Duprèz, Mario, Grisi, Persiani, Cinti-Damoreau, Pauline Garcia and others.

Thackeray has given an account of this day, but the tone of it is not worthy of either himself or the event, and he makes one signal mistake. He speaks of danger to the English on this occasion. I am certain there was no such danger and no fear of it. There was fear, as I have said, of a Bonapartist uprising around the Arch, but none of an attack on the English. Our father was a man of very marked personality, a British officer who would have been a target for such an attack had any been intended. Yet, so far from expecting it, we, a family of young girls and children, were allowed to roam the avenues during that preparatory week with no attendant but our maid.

Thackeray also tells of the 'mean and tawdry character of the preparations,' producing 'vain heaps of tinsel, paint and plaster.' True, in a paltry sense. Five miles of avenue and the spaces around the Invalides and the Chamber of Deputies were to be decorated for the event of *one* day. Some parts of that great distance were adorned with real trophies, real statues. For instance, in the Court of Honour leading to the Invalides were placed historical portrait-statues of the greatest men of France, brought from all the national galleries of the kingdom. The statues on the Champs Elysées, the columns, the tripods were, it is true, of plaster, and their pedestals of painted canvas. Could it have been otherwise? They were there to honour *one* event—the Coming of Napoleon. Permanency was impossible, and also out of keeping. The only fitting permanency is the tomb that may be seen to-day in the crypt of the Invalides.

It is true that a few absurdities crept in. For instance, the wings of the Victories were added after the statues were set up—probably for safety in handling. Now wings, like boots and shoes,

are rights and lefts, and in the hurry of preparation Eylau received a couple of right wings and some sister Victory a couple of lefts. Also, when Marshal Ney's statue was about to be erected it was found to be life-size, while those of the other marshals among whom he was to stand were colossal. It was therefore cut through the middle, supports were inserted, and the surgical operation was adroitly concealed by a drapery of flags.

On further reflection, I am not sure whether he was life-sized or colossal. At any rate, the Bravest of the Brave did not match with his co-heroes, and his stomach was either elongated or dispensed with altogether. But what of that? it was something to provoke a merry laugh, not a sneer.

On the following day we went to the Invalides to see Napoleon lying where he had prayed to lie. But it was all unsatisfactory. The crowd was terrible; women were fainting; the church was dark with black and purple hangings; the only light came from green and lurid flames belching from tripods; the air was suffocating, and the Emperor's coffin was almost invisible within a sort of gilded cage. Nothing rewarded us but the idea—no, the *reality*—that *Napoleon was there*.

KATHARINE PRESCOTT WORMELEY.

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*THE ELECTRIC THEORY OF MATTER.*

I READ the other day in one of our leading weekly reviews an eloquent article which informed me that the most striking discovery of modern times has been the 'transmutation of the elements,' and that while the seventy or eighty known elements have long been suspected by philosophers to be compounded from one and the same kind of matter, there has now been observed the actual transformation of uranium into radium, of radium into helium and perhaps also into lead. Now, there is in these statements so much 'mixing up of things which differ,' of facts and hypotheses still very much upon their trial, that the perusal of this article has suggested to me that those who are interested in the progress of physics and chemistry might welcome, at this moment, a brief account of that latest phase of the ever recurring idea that every bit of matter in every form may consist, really, of the same ultimate material. This idea also has recently suggested that the chemical atoms, of which all matter consists, are made up solely of systems of electric charges.

As the work of this theory is not yet done, as the fate of this latest reading of the riddle of the mystery of matter still lies on the lap of the gods, it may seem to some of my readers that the subject is not very well suited for the pages of the CORNHILL. I believe, however, that those who think this are wrong, for if we wish cultivated men and women to take a living interest in the progress of science, and to be able, as they very well might be, to avoid falling into such mistakes as those to be found in the article referred to above, we must not ask them always to be content with the realised knowledge of the text-book and the museum, though these are very good things in their places, but must go with them also, now and then, into the workshop and there show them science in the making. And this is what I propose to do on the present occasion.

Before we enter the theory shop and endeavour to follow the growth of the 'electric theory of matter' I must ask those who go there with me first to delay for a moment and recall one or two matters of considerable importance. In the first place we must remember that a scientific theory has to perform two distinct

functions, viz. to record a larger or smaller number of isolated or seemingly isolated facts, and to give us some clear idea of a connection between these facts so that we may be able to deduce them one from another and predict new facts that may be discovered by means of new experiments suggested by the theory. Secondly, we must consider that a theory, like a tree, is to be judged by its fruits, and that an unproductive or worn out theory, like an unfruitful tree, must be cast into the fire. It is important that we do not forget this, for the hypothesis that is the subject of this article is as yet incomplete. Its fruits have still to be gathered and tested. There is much which suggests that in due course the electric theory of matter may prove as fruitful as the atomic theory of the nineteenth century, but the electric theory to-day, like the atomic theory a century ago, is still imperfect, still upon its trial. If I may compare it to a tool, we may say that at present we have not the finished tool, but only a rough casting from which, perhaps, a finished tool may be constructed before long.

I need hardly say that it is important my readers should have a clear idea what it is the electric theory of matter has to explain. Perhaps we shall best discover how we stand on this point if we ask ourselves the question, What is matter? What are the isolated facts about matter which this theory must co-ordinate? Now, this question is very difficult to answer. Most of us know a good deal about the surface differences which distinguish the myriad forms in which matter presents itself to us, but our real knowledge of its nature and constitution is slight indeed. According to J. S. Mill, matter is 'the permanent possibility of sensations.' According to W. K. Clifford it 'is a mental picture in which mind-stuff is the thing represented,' while 'mind-stuff is constituted by feelings which can exist by themselves, without forming parts of a consciousness, but are also woven into the complex form of human minds.' For our present purpose, however, speculations like these retain only an historic importance. For us, as the late Professor P. G. Tait has expressed it, the universe, including matter, has an objective existence, and we become aware of it by the aid of our senses, and, since the evidence of the senses often misleads, we endeavour to sift the mixture of truth from error gained through the use of our senses by the exercise of the reason, for example, by forming theories such as the atomic theory of Dalton and the electric theory of the new physics.



According to the electric theory, matter in all its forms consists, as I have said, of systems of electric charges. This idea is the outcome of the work of the atomists, Dalton and his colleagues, on the one hand, and of the work of Faraday and his great successors on the other. Broadly speaking, we may say that Dalton re-invented atoms for the use of the chemists, that the physicists, with Professor J. J. Thomson at their head, discovered the existence of particles, called electrons, even smaller than atoms, and that authors of the electric theory hope to establish the nature of the electron, and to discover the relation of the electron to the atom.

It is not necessary to dwell for long on the atomic molecular theory, for this has already been fully discussed in the CORNHILL.<sup>1</sup> It will be sufficient if we remember that according to chemists matter exists in the form of a limited number of elements, about eighty of these elements being known to us, and that each of these elements occurs in the form of characteristic minute unbreakable particles called atoms. I suppose that in modern times few investigators have really believed of any given atom that it would exist for ever, or that it had existed in the past from all eternity. But undoubtedly some of the greatest masters of the modern school, e.g. Clerk Maxwell, have held there is reason to believe that in the atoms of the chemists 'we have something which has existed either from eternity, or at least from times anterior to the existing order of nature'; or, to put the point more explicitly, if I may quote Clerk Maxwell<sup>2</sup> once more, that 'the creation of an atom is an operation of a kind which is not, so far as we are aware, going on on earth or in the sun or in the stars, either now or since these bodies began to be formed,' and must be referred to the epoch of the establishment of the existing order of nature.

The facts before Clerk Maxwell when he wrote the above words gave him no reason for suspecting that possibly chemical atoms might now and then undergo disintegration under our noses. But to-day, though we are as incompetent as ever to create an atom out of nothing, we are no longer quite convinced that atoms are the smallest particles of matter. This does not mean that the molecular atomic theory is used up and ready for the scrap-heap, for the idea of the atom is as necessary and as useful as ever. But atoms no longer seem to us, as to Newton, to be

<sup>1</sup> See *The New Physics and Chemistry*, 'On Weighing Atoms.'

<sup>2</sup> See 'Atom,' by Clerk Maxwell, *Encl. Brit.* 9th ed.

solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, indivisible portions of matter. On the contrary, it has become conceivable that they may consist of constellations of much smaller particles; that they may be built up, that is, of parts and possess in each case a definite structure which sooner or later we may hope to understand.

Although, as I have said, we need not dwell for long on the properties of matter, there are two or three points which we must keep in our minds. First, we must remember that every particle of matter great and small exhibits what is known as 'attraction of gravitation'; secondly, that every particle exhibits, also, a kind of passivity or dogged perseverance, called inertia, in virtue of which every body 'perseveres in its state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line unless it is compelled by some force to change that state.' This, as you will see, implies that if at any time a particle of matter of sensible mass should cease to be subject to attraction of gravitation, or should lose its inertia, we should have to regard it as destroyed.

The idea that matter in general may be electrical in its origin recommends itself to many minds all the more because it seems to afford us a stepping stone from which we may proceed towards the attainment of a clear idea of a simple material universe composed of a single primitive matter analogous to that which Prout imagined to be the basis of the chemical elements. It is founded upon that view of electricity which regards the latter as possessing an atomic constitution, and regards a certain quantity of electricity as an indivisible unit, as a sort of atom of electricity, a quantity which can only be increased by adding other units to it, like adding bricks to a wall, but which cannot be divided or diminished by any means yet at our disposal.

I suppose every one has seen the well-known and beautiful luminous glow of a vacuum tube. This glow is produced by connecting the poles of an electrical machine to two wires melted into the two ends of a glass tube, and exhausting the tube moderately by means of an air pump. If a vacuum tube in the state in which it gives this glow be further exhausted, its luminosity gradually disappears, breaking up into discs which grow fewer and fewer as the exhaustion proceeds, until at last, if the exhaustion is pushed far enough, no light is seen except a glowing phosphorescence on the surface of the glass, like that which you see when watching experiments with Röntgen ray tubes. It was inside vacuum tubes when highly exhausted that Professor J. J. Thomson recognised,

in 1897, particles far smaller than hydrogen atoms and charged with negative electricity.

If you obtain a glass tube such as I have described, provided at its two ends with two platinum wires sealed into the glass so that the joints are perfectly air-tight, exhaust it by means of an air-pump until only about one part in a million of the air originally present in the tube remains there, connect the wires to an electrical machine, and then make suitable experiments, you will discover that though the tube does not become luminous like an ordinary vacuum tube, yet it seems to contain something which possesses some very remarkable properties. For example, if before exhausting the tube you have placed inside it, in front of the cathode and at a convenient distance, a piece of platinum foil, a diamond, or a ruby, and then start the machine, the platinum will soon get hot, as a piece of metal does when you hammer it—if the exhaustion has not been carried too far it may become red hot—whilst the diamond or ruby will become phosphorescent or self-luminous, giving out light rays more or less as a flint does when struck upon steel, except that in the former case the luminosity is not intermittent like a spark from flint and steel, but persists as long as the electric machine is maintained in action. Even if you put no solid object in the tube, somewhat similar phenomena present themselves; for in this case the glass of the tube over a considerable area opposite the cathode glows brightly when the electric machine is in action, and soon becomes hot, as if it were being bombarded violently by something thrown off by the cathode, these effects being accompanied, as I should explain, by the production of Röntgen rays, and occasionally, if one is not careful, by the melting of the glass of the tube.

I think every one will agree that the above phenomena decidedly suggest, as they did to Sir William Crookes when he first observed them, the idea that though the tube is so nearly empty, since only a very minute fraction of the original air remains inside it, streams of something are being driven from the cathode through the tube; that the cathode under the influence of the electric machine creates, in fact, a sort of wind inside the tube—a wind more or less like other winds, but probably exceeding other winds greatly in its velocity, since no wind we are acquainted with outside a vacuum tube is sufficiently violent to melt glass or to raise particles of metal to a red heat.

The idea that streams of invisible particles are thrown off from

the cathode of the Crookes vacuum tube has been confirmed by other experiments. Thus if we vary the construction of a vacuum tube by placing the anode not opposite the cathode, as described above,<sup>1</sup> but in other positions, we discover that though both a cathode and an anode are required it is not necessary to place the anode at that part of the tube on which we wish the supposed bombardment to fall; for, place the anode where we may, we find in every case that the radiation flies from the cathode in straight lines, like bullets from a gun, refusing to turn corners except under the influence of a magnet. It may be arrested by some obstacle such as a stone or a small windmill, in which case it will work the windmill as an aerial wind might do. On the other hand, when obstacles are placed in the path of the radiations shadows are formed as if the radiation were unable to pass through the obstacle. The power of obstacles to arrest the rays probably is not perfect, for it is found that cathode rays can, to some extent, escape from a vacuum tube if they fall upon a window made of a very thin sheet of a metal such as aluminium. But though the rays insist on moving in straight lines and refuse to turn corners, if a small beam of cathode rays be thrown on a sheet of card coated with some phosphorescent paint, the luminous spot produced where the beam falls on the paint can readily be moved from one point to another by bringing a powerful magnet to bear upon the beam on its road to the screen. This seems to show that cathode rays can be waved about by the magnet. Remember what you see when you watch the rays of a searchlight cast from a ship which is feeling its way on an unknown coast, and recall how they reveal themselves chiefly by the illumination they produce when they fall on an adjacent object, on a ship, on the shore, or on the sea, and you will have some idea of the effects produced by a magnet on a beam of cathode rays inside a Crookes tube. The little spot of light will play about upon the screen, now here, now there, as you move the magnet, making it plain that the invisible cathode beam which produces the light is moving about in the tube much as we see the rays of a searchlight beam move in the sky at night-time. Now, this power of the magnet upon cathode rays is not only useful because it gives us a means of controlling the movements of the cathode rays, but also because it gives us a very strong hint about the nature of the rays themselves.

<sup>1</sup> It must be remembered that the two wires fused into the vacuum tube are known as the anode and cathode respectively.

It is well known to physicists that streams of particles carrying charges of electricity act under the influence of magnets like currents of electricity in conductors. Now, currents in conductors can be deflected by means of magnets. From this it follows, as you will see, that the cathode rays, since they behave like currents under the influence of magnets, probably consist of particles carrying electric charges. And, further, the known facts of the case tell us that the charges on these particles are negative charges; for the movements of cathode rays under the influence of magnets are just those which we should expect to observe in the case of particles carrying negative electricity.

The cathode rays, then, consist of particles of some sort carrying negative charges of electricity. This brings us to the question: What is the nature of these particles? Are they molecules like those which build up matter in its various and familiar forms? or are they the yet smaller atoms of the chemist, which form, as it were, the bricks from which molecules are built up? Or are they, again, matter in a new state—'radiant matter,' or matter in a 'fourth state,' as Sir William Crookes, by a brilliant flash of genius, suggested nearly thirty years ago? We owe the solution of this problem chiefly to Professor J. J. Thomson, who succeeded a few years ago in counting the particles in a cathode ray, in determining the quantity of electricity carried by each, and showed us that the particles of the cathode ray of the Crookes tube are neither molecules nor atoms, but particles about a thousand times smaller than the smallest atom; and that each of them carries a charge of electricity equal to that carried by an atom of hydrogen in electrolysis—the very quantity, in fact, which, as far as we know, has never been divided, and for that reason has been described as an 'atom of electricity.'

Now, if these particles, or electrons, as they are now commonly named, exhibited only the properties described above and occurred only in the vacuum tube, the discovery of their existence there, endowed as they are with most remarkable properties, would in itself have been exceedingly interesting. But it happens that they have the power of making atmospheric air, which is ordinarily an insulator, conduct electricity. This made it possible to look for them outside as well as inside vacuum tubes, and presently it came to be known, first, that electrons are given off by metals when they are intensely hot and when illuminated by ultra-violet light, also by uranium, thorium, radium, and

other radio-active substances at ordinary temperatures; and perhaps, though this can hardly be said to be finally established at present, in some degree by all the more familiar forms of matter; and, secondly, that electrons from all these sources, for example, those produced in the Crookes vacuum tube, those produced by radium, and those produced from metals by means of ultra-violet light, all resemble one another in regard to their size and to the charge of electricity which they carry; in short, that so far as we can ascertain at present they have the same properties, whatever their source may be. We do not get one kind of electron from radium, another kind from thorium, a third in the vacuum tube from hydrogen, a fourth from nitrogen, and so on, but the same kind from every substance.

Now, this last conclusion, if finally established, that atoms of all kinds emit under certain circumstances identical electrons, bears most obviously on the great question, Is all matter composed of the same ultimate material? For since electrons so similar in their qualities are produced from so many and such varied sources, and perhaps by all forms of matter, does it not follow that the atoms of all the elements, that is of all matter, have in these electrons a common constituent, and, indeed, pressing the argument to the utmost, is it not possible that all matter may be built up entirely of systems of electrons and nothing else? that we have discovered in the electrons the 'protyle' of the past?

I have already mentioned that Professor Thomson, in one of the most brilliant of modern researches, has measured the masses and charges of electrons; that he has found the former to be about one thousand times smaller than the smallest particles of matter previously known, and that the latter corresponds to the so-called atom of electricity, that is to the charge carried by an atom of hydrogen in electrolysis. We know, further, that electrons move very rapidly, some of them travelling, in fact, with velocities comparable with that of light itself. Thus we know that electrons possess mass or inertia, the most fundamental property of matter, and move with immense velocities. Now, it has been known for some time to electricians that a current of electricity in circuit, under certain circumstances, acts inductively upon itself, so as to oppose its own flow when it is growing and retard its own decay when it is diminishing; in short, that it exhibits a quality akin to the 'inertia' of matter, which tends to retain every material body in its state of rest or uniform motion in a straight line, except so far



as it is compelled by forces to change that state. This at once raises for us the new question, May not the mass or inertia of an electron be due or partly due to its electric charge? which brings us within sight of the hypothesis that matter with all its properties is electric in its origin.

It is known that the inertia of a body charged with electricity is, practically speaking, constant under changes of velocity until its rate of movement approaches such a value as 18,000 miles per second,<sup>1</sup> but that at about this point the inertia begins to increase sensibly at such a rate that it would become infinite when the speed of the charged particle became equal to that of light; and, secondly, that though electrons move more slowly than light, yet some of those thrown off by radium do not move so very much less rapidly than light itself; and the results of an investigation made a few years ago by Dr. Kauffmann have shown that at the highest speeds yet met with the mass of the electron increases to no less than three times the value it had when moving more slowly. This result naturally has suggested the idea to many that possibly the whole mass of these particles may arise from their electric charges. But on this view, if we accept it, 'electrons' would not be particles of matter carrying electric charges, but particles, so to speak, of electricity itself, or, as some might prefer to say, 'disembodied electric charges.' And then we have only to suppose further that all matter is made of electrons, and matter itself disappears and is replaced by electricity—that is, by 'nuclei of intrinsic strain in the ether,' or whatever else electricity may be.

Faraday showed us long ago that chemical actions between portions of matter are indistinguishable from electrical actions. And now, at this latest stage, as we see, his successors suggest, further, that matter and electricity themselves can no longer be clearly and definitely distinguished from one another. But we must remember that this by no means establishes the truth of the electrical theory of matter, or proves that the eighty elements are all compounded of one single uniform material. It gives us, perhaps, the beginnings, a working hypothesis, a plan of campaign, some new resources to aid us in our studies. That is all. We are still very far from knowing definitely that atoms are composed entirely of electrons, or that electrons are nothing more than electric charges, and though electrons have been shown to exhibit electric inertia, it has not been proved that the inertia of

<sup>1</sup> This is about one-tenth of the velocity of light.

atoms is also electrical. And then, again, in what is said above we have taken no count of positive electricity, and till this is better understood than at present further progress must remain very difficult.

In spite of these difficulties, however, various attempts have been made to paint with the pigments put at our command by electricians a mind-picture of a simple atom such as a hydrogen atom. Thus it has been proposed that matter is composed of a number of positive and negative particles clustered together in virtue of their mutual attractions, the charged particles being perhaps in orbital motion about one another, or, possibly, held together in fixed positions in some other way. A second suggestion submits the hypothesis that an atom may consist of a comparatively large sphere of positive electrification, which may be pictured as more or less like a jelly, with a greater or smaller number of the very small negative electrons moving about inside it, the total number of the negative electrons depending on the amount of the positive electrification of the sphere; whilst yet another hypothesis suggests that the hydrogen atom may consist of a sort of sun of dense positive electricity acting as a centre round which many negative electrons revolve in astronomical orbits. These various speculations vary more or less in the matter of hopefulness, but clearly none of them is definite enough to demand fuller consideration here, and I have only introduced them here because each of them brings us face to face with the same serious obstacle to further progress, since each, it will be observed, involves the idea in some form or another of a positive as well as of a negative constituent of the atom. Now, at this moment we know little or nothing about free positive electrons, and it is not even universally agreed that such electrons exist at all, some students holding that positive electrification consists merely in a defect of electricity, and that a positively electrified particle is only what remains when an electron has been removed or expelled from an atom: a view which carries us back almost to the days of Franklin, who held that there was but one electric fluid, a positively electrified body being one which had an excess of this fluid, and a negatively electrified body one which had less. In short, we do not yet know that matter is made up entirely of electrons or even that these constitute a very substantial part of the whole. The evidence is strong, though I have not, for want of space, been able to give it all, that electrons are a universal constituent of atoms, but

there is little or no evidence as yet that atoms are composed of electricity and nothing else. On the other hand, though evidence has not as yet accumulated sufficiently to decide the question, and though certain facts seem difficult to reconcile with the idea that electricity is the fundamental 'material' of matter, still, facts such as we have touched on seem bound to provoke attempts to explain matter in terms of electricity; and such attempts by no means seem to be hopeless.

To sum up, then, what has been attained is this. We have reached a deduction which, as Sir Oliver Lodge says in his book on 'Electrons,' teaches us 'that negative electricity can exist apart from matter in isolated portions each of exceedingly minute known size, known charge, and known inertia, and we think that the laws of mechanics applied to such particles in given fields of electric and magnetic force should carry us on towards explaining the fundamental phenomena of electric currents, of magnetism, and of the production of light.' But it has still to be discovered whether or not the 'inertia' of all matter, and hence its nature and properties generally, can be explained as electro-magnetic phenomena. We are, so to speak, in the position of Lord Roberts when he landed at Cape Town in the year 1900. We have a plan in our heads and some, but not all, of the resources needed to carry it out. But as yet we have won no final victory; proved no transmutation conclusively; discovered no protyle from which we can reconstruct the material universe, even in our minds. I hope this does not seem disappointing. If it does, remember that after two and a half centuries we still have no plan of campaign for investigating the propagation of gravity through the ether, and then you will see the real importance of the recent advances on which all the speculations about matter and its origin are based.

W. A. SHENSTONE.

\* \* \* Since these words were written, the Magazine and its readers have to deplore the sudden death of the writer. He was a teacher kept fresh by original research: a Science Master at Clifton who was also a Fellow of the Royal Society. Readers of the CORNHILL know his gift of lucid guidance through the intricate maze of fact and theory; but though they might guess, they could not know as the Editor knew his ceaseless care in recasting, condensing, clarifying, and withal the simple modesty of his attitude towards Nature and his fellow men.—ED. CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

*HAMPDEN AND HAMPDEN'S COUNTRY.*

'THE mists and the sun—and the first streaks of yellow in the beeches—beautiful! beautiful!' Such is the opening—surely a most happy one—of Mrs. Humphry Ward's 'Marcella.' It can be no secret to those who know the Chiltern country that the scene of that novel is laid at Hampden House. The straight avenue of limes, the little grey church to the left, the garden front of the great house, and beyond to the westward that open vista, 'carrying the eye almost to the limit of the view,' are unmistakable. What can this last be but the 'Queen's Gap,' a broad lane cut, it is said, through the beeches on Green Hailey in a single night by the Hampden of the day to please his guest Elizabeth? More than once in the book one catches a reminiscence of the tutelary hero of the place. And indeed it is hard to escape his influence here. In that house, changed by eighteenth-century restorers from its ancient form, but ancient still in parts, he lived, its master since he was a child of three years old; would not leave it for personal advancement when his mother wrote from King James' Court that 'here is a multitude of Lords a-making,' but left it later, at a stronger call, for lodgings in Gray's Inn Lane, near the house of Pym. In that old church you may read the inscription he composed 'in perpetuall testimony of his conjugall love' for his first wife, Elizabeth Symeon, 'the tender mother of an happy offspring in 9 hopefull children'; and there, with no monument to tell his place, safe now from the indiscreet zeal of enthusiastic biographers, he rests himself.

The wooded slopes of the Chilterns east of Princes Risborough, and the blue plain which lies beneath their westward edge far into the vale of Aylesbury, far into the Oxfordshire flats, that—and perhaps one should add the floor of the old House of Commons—is Hampden's country.

Below us, as we stand on the edge of the chalk escarpment, lie the Hampden manors, Great Kimble, where the struggle over ship-money was begun, and further to the north-west Stoke Mandeville, which supplied the test case over which it was fought. South-west is Pyrtton, the home of Elizabeth Symeon; beyond it Chalgrove,

where Hampden got his fatal hurt, and Thame, where he died. Descend into the plain and you shall find it set with his memorials. Pyrton Manor is standing yet, a charming little Elizabethan house, its warm red brick walls embowered in trees. At Watlington each nineteenth of November twenty poor men are, or were, provided with coats by the bounty of one Robert Parslow, enabled thereto, tradition says, by the accident that a military chest was left there by Hampden the night before the engagement at Chalgrove and never called for. At Thame, the house of Ezekiel Browne, where Hampden lingered six days in mortal pain, is represented by the Greyhound Inn; and he who admires, as none who sees it can fail to admire, that delightful seventeenth-century building now used as a girls' school, sees the place where Hampden learnt Latin as a boy.

Why is it that the name of Hampden has the power to arrest the mind and stir the emotions? Why is it that among many Englishmen who have loved their country well he alone bears the proud title of 'patriot'? The answer to this last question is to be found, no doubt, in the efforts of those who did their best to build up the Whig legend, to advance the interests of a party by the glorification of those whose political descendants they conceived themselves to be. But time has discounted the bombast of Whig eulogists.

'Yours are Hampden's, Russell's story,  
Sidney's matchless shade is yours,  
Martyrs in heroic glory,  
Worth a thousand Agincourts!'

['A thousand Agincourts' is, we feel, too much.

The place which Hampden occupies in the imagination is perhaps to some extent due to the dramatic and representative character in which he appeared in three salient episodes in his career. In the first he stood forth as the champion of every taxpayer in the country; the second showed him (not alone, it is true) as the intended victim of a conspicuous outrage on the privilege of Parliament; the third added pathos to admiration, it clinched men's belief in his sincerity—for a man can do no more than die in the cause for which he has lived—and by its opportuneness rescued him from the controversies which have raged over those who saw the struggle to its bitter end.

And yet when all reasonable deductions have been made, one must allow that Hampden was a great power. We are bound to

do so, unless we consider that the judgment of his contemporaries was entirely at fault. For nothing is more certain than that he profoundly impressed them. His opponents might, like Strafford, sneer at his 'peevish Puritanism,' or, like d'Ewes, credit him with a 'serpentine subtlety,' but to none of them was he a cypher. It is thus that Clarendon characterises him: 'Even with those who were able to preserve themselves from his infusions and discerned those opinions to be fixed in him with which they could not comply, he always left the character of an ingenious and conscientious person. He was indeed a very wise man, and possessed with the most absolute spirit of popularity, and the most absolute faculties to govern the people of any man I ever knew.' That is the view of an opponent, and if it means no more than that he was an honest if mistaken man and a consummate parliamentarian, it is much. As for the men of his own mind, to them he was '*Pater Patriæ*,' no less.

And if Hampden impressed his fellows, it was not because of any self-assertion on his part. In this connection, the aspect in which he appears as a speaker is only typical of his character. 'In the last two parliaments of James,' says Gardiner, 'and the first three of Charles he did not, as far as we know, open his lips in public debate.' And when he broke silence it was as a debater rather than an orator that he made his mark. But as a debater he was extraordinarily effective. 'He was not a man of many words, and rarely began the discourse, or made the first entrance upon any business that was assumed; but a very weighty speaker, and after he had heard a full debate and observed how the House was likely to be inclined, took up the argument and shortly and craftily and clearly so stated it that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion that he desired.' No speech of Hampden's still exists, but Verney's note on that which he delivered in favour of Strafford's counsel being heard on the impeachment, though the bill of attainder had passed a second reading, seems a reminiscence of a logical and effective utterance: 'The bill now depending doth not tie us to go by bill: our councill hath been heard; ergo in justice we must heare his.' And on one notable occasion Hampden intervened in debate greatly to the general advantage. Geoffrey Palmer had moved a protest against the Great Remonstrance 'in the name of himself and all the rest.' The word 'all' raised a tempest. 'I thought,' wrote Sir Philip Warwick, 'we had all sat in the valley of the shadow of death; for we, like Joab's and Abner's young men, had catched at each other's locks, and sheathed

our swords in each other's bowels, had not the sagacity and great calmness of Mr. Hampden by a short speech prevented it.' In a dry, practical way he asked Mr. Palmer 'how he could know other men's minds.'

Parliamentary adroitness and self-possession were elements in Hampden's ascendancy. But it is not to be explained by intellectual gifts alone. 'His reputation for honesty was universal,' says Clarendon, 'and his affections seemed so publicly guided that no private or corrupt ends could bias them.' The respect due to his character was rendered the more readily to one who was conspicuous for 'his flowing courtesy to all men.' And that this courtesy was the outcome of genuine kindness of heart no one can doubt who has read his correspondence with Eliot and noted his understanding sympathy with Eliot's sons, those 'academic friends' to whom during their father's imprisonment in the Tower the doors of Hampden House were always open. Above all, he impressed men by the depth of his convictions and the steadfastness of his purpose. It must be admitted that his tact and address were more conspicuously displayed in keeping together a parliamentary majority and avoiding a breach with the Lords than in smoothing the difficulties of the King. No Falkland, he held on his way, true to his motto '*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*'

For a while these qualities had small field for their display. During the eleven years between 1629 and 1640 parliaments were in abeyance, and Hampden lived the life of a country gentleman at his home. We hear of him in 1634. At the visitation of the diocese of Lincoln in 1634 he was presented for 'holding a muster in the churchyard of Beaconsfield, and for sometimes going from his parish church.' Whether as the result of some such sudden conversion as Clarendon hints at, or of a slow growth of conviction, Hampden was a Puritan. He was, however, a Puritan of the doctrinal rather than the political type; he hated bad bishops rather than Episcopacy, was for the reform rather than the abolition of bishops, and though later, after the rejection of the bill for the exclusion of bishops from the Lords, he became a 'root and branch man,' yet he continued to cultivate friendly relations with clergymen of the Church of England. In his last days he was attended by Dr. Giles, the rector of Chinnor, with whom he had been on terms of the closest friendship, as well as by Mr. Spurstow, an Independent minister and the chaplain of his regiment.

He gave the required satisfaction to his diocesan and promised obedience. But he was soon to be engaged in a more serious struggle. In 1634 Charles issued his first writ for the payment of ship-money, and the second writ, dated August 1635, was made applicable to the inland counties as well as to the seaport towns. It has been said that the identification of Hampden with the struggle over ship-money was something of an accident. He was not the first nor by any means the only man who refused to pay. In Oxfordshire alone the deficiency in January 1636 amounted to 1900*l.*, and the total deficiency under the second writ, when it was followed by a third in October 1636, was over 20,000*l.* Nor was he the first to bring the matter into court. Chambers, the London merchant, had in 1636 carried the question to the King's Bench. But he had received very little encouragement from Mr. Justice Berkeley. 'There was,' said the latter, 'a rule of law and a rule of government, and many things which might not be done by the rule of law might be done by the rule of government.' Nor, once again, was Hampden alone in the determination to test the legality of the tax. The decision had been arrived at by Lords Saye and Bedford and John Hampden in common consultations, and only some consideration of convenience led to the selection of the payment of 1*l.*, due on property of Hampden at Stoke Mandeville, as a test case.

But the issue was a significant one. The mass of men doubtless resented the payment as they would have resented any other unfamiliar impost. But the real grievance with regard to ship-money was not that it was a new tax. It had been paid before to Tudor kings. It was not that inland as well as seaboard counties were asked to pay it. Hampden's counsel, St. John, admitted that all were equally bound to contribute towards meeting a danger which threatened all. It was not generally contended (though such was the view of St. John's colleague Holles) that the King might not demand ship-money in view of a sudden emergency; and it was conceded that he was the sole judge of what constituted an emergency. The true ground of resistance to the tax was the manifest intention to make it permanent, shown by the fact that it was now being exacted for the third successive year, and by the fact that no emergency was pleaded. It was the intention thus revealed to govern without Parliament. The question at issue, as Professor Gardiner says, was whether Parliament formed an integral part of the Constitution or not.



And if the issue was momentous, the sequel showed that, chance or no chance, it could have been entrusted to no better hands than Hampden's.

'His carriage throughout was with that rare temper and modesty that they who watched him most narrowly to find some advantage against his person to make him less resolute in his cause were compelled to give him a just testimony.'

This is why, although it does not refer to the case actually tried, we feel that scrawled return from the assessors of ship-money at 'Kimbell Magna,' reproduced in facsimile in Lord Nugent's memorials, to be a momentous document, and why it is not without a thrill that at the head of that list of some thirty Buckinghamshire countryfolk we read the signature of John Hampden, Esquire.

The arguments of counsel, the opinions of the judges, were circulated throughout the country, and men were convinced that if the majority (it was the smallest possible majority) of the judges were against them the weight of argument was on their side.

As for Hampden, from being comparatively of local reputation he became 'the argument of all tongues,' and when three years later events in Scotland at last forced Charles again to summon a Parliament, he held a position in it second to none.

The episode of the attempted arrest is one in which Hampden was necessarily conspicuous by his absence. When the news came that the King, entering the nearest coach, was on his way down Whitehall, the five members retired—Hampden, Hazelerigg, Holles, and Pym without demur, Strode reluctant and dragged by the cloak. The scene that followed was enacted without them. The entry of the King 'through that door which none of his predecessors had ever passed,' his passage up the House, the members standing bareheaded on either side, his request for the loan of the Speaker's chair, his questions 'Is Mr. Pym here?' 'Is Mr. Holles here?' falling on a silence broken perhaps by the clink of steel in the hands of the bravos at the open door, his assumption of a cheerful bonhomie, his confession of an abortive errand, his belated assurance of good intentions, and his gloomy retreat, followed by cries of protest from an outraged House—all these have been described in graphic words by persons present at the scene.

Hampden's hour of triumph came six days later, when he returned to Westminster amid the firing of guns and the cheering of crowds; and the petition against his impeachment, brought in person by four thousand gentlemen and freeholders of Bucks, was an impressive

demonstration of the esteem in which he was held in his native county.

After the impeachment and attempted arrest, Hampden, if we may believe Clarendon, was much altered, 'his nature and carriage seeming much fiercer than before.' He was determined to secure the safety of Parliament, and it was his motion to add to the acknowledgment of a conciliatory message from the King, 'to desire the King to put the town of London and the ports of the Kingdom into such hands as Parliament could confide in,' which precipitated the appeal to arms.

As a soldier Hampden was ever for action. Called upon to enforce the militia ordinance in Bucks, he had mustered his men on Chalgrove Field, when news was brought him that Lord Berkshire was in the neighbourhood preparing to execute the King's commission of array. Without breaking up the meeting he withdrew with a small detachment, captured the Earl, and sent him as a prisoner to London.

On the morning after Edgehill, he urged Essex, whom he had just joined, to push on and get between Charles and London. When the Royal and Parliamentary armies were confronting each other on Turnham Green, Hampden would advance to Acton and turn the King's flank—had started, indeed, when he was recalled by the caution of the professional soldiers. Later he advised the Parliamentary Committee for carrying on the war to march not on Reading but on Oxford. 'If,' says Clarendon, 'they had taken that resolution . . . without doubt they had put the King's affairs into great confusion.'

'He was of a personal courage equal to his best parts,' says the same historian, and it was his readiness to take a personal share in such risks as offered which brought him to his death. The situation was this. The King was at Oxford. Essex had his headquarters at Thame, but his army was squandered along a line extending from Wheatley, near Oxford, to Wycombe in the Chilterns. To attempt to cover so wide an extent of country was to invite attack from cavalry superior to his own. Rupert was on the alert, and being informed by Colonel Hurry, who had deserted from the Parliamentary army, that a sum of 21,000*l.* was on its way from Thame to Windsor, he resolved to strike for the prize.

Let us follow Rupert as he started out of 'the ports of Oxford' at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, June 17, 1643. Over Magdalen bridge, through the unlovely suburbs of the lovely city,

out into the open country past Garsington, on whose salubrious hill the Fellows and scholars of Trinity used to sojourn when the plague raged in Oxford, till, as we descend the slope towards the Thame, we see behind the budding woods and copses of Chiselhampton Lodge the blue line of the Chiltern Hills. And here is Chiselhampton bridge, its grey stone piers looking much as they did when Rupert's horsemen clattered over them that night, but bearing an iron framework and railings due to the taste of some country surveyor of later times. Yet half a mile beyond the Thame and we reach Stadhampton. Here on that night of June 17 Rupert diverged from the Watlington Road to be heard of later by Colonel Morley's troop at Postcombe and the newly raised Bedfordshire levies at Chinnor. We hold on our way across the plain till a low square tower, a quarter of a mile to the right, warns us that we are approaching our goal. It is Chalgrove Church, and this level ploughland Chalgrove Field. Where the road we are following is crossed at right angles by a lane from Chalgrove village stands the monument which marks the place where Hampden fell. As we face northwards and turn our backs on Chalgrove village we see extended to our left the 'fair pasture' of Clarendon's description. It was still open ground when Lord Nugent published his 'Memorials of Hampden' in the year of the Reform Bill, and the smallness of the hedgerow timber shows that its enclosure is of no ancient date. In front the lane from the village leads, tending leftwards, to Warpsgrove farm. To our right rises a low hill, Golder Hill, hiding from our sight the Chilterns to the east, and holding, curiously secluded in its folds, Easington village, a low barn-like church, and a solitary farm.

In those flat fields Rupert, returning half baffled, half triumphant, from his foray, came up with a regiment of his infantry, sent it forward to keep open his passage at Chiselhampton bridge, and turned to face his pursuers. Over that lift of ground came Gunter with three troops of horse, his own and those of Captains Sheffield and Crosse. For the last five miles they had hung on Rupert's rear, and on the way they had been joined by fifty men sent by the officer of the watch at Thame to inquire the cause of the fire at Chinnor, a troop of horse, a troop of dragoons, and some sundries, in all some three hundred mounted men to face Rupert's one thousand. With them was Hampden. He had lain the night before, tradition says, at Watlington (perhaps really at the house of his first wife's father at Pyrton Manor, a mile from there), and

'being abroad with Sir Samuel Luke and onely one man, and seeing Major Gunter's forces, did go along with them, putting himself in Captain Crosse's troop.' There was Rupert at bay, and the thing was to hold him till Essex could come up from headquarters in sufficient strength to deal effectually with him. Down over Golder Hill they came, 'Urry that renegado' (to quote a Parliamentary print) crying, for the information of his fellows, 'That's Hampden'; 'That's Gunter'; 'That's Luke.' Gunter fell at the first charge, and it seems that Captain Crosse, whose troop, Hampden in it, was further to the right, was advancing from the direction of Warpsgrove to support his chief, when Hampden got the hurt which cost him his life. 'His head hanging down, and resting his hands upon the neck of his horse,' so runs the report by one of the prisoners taken on that day, he was seen to 'ride off the field before the action was done, which he never used to do.' First it would seem he headed towards Pyrton, the direction from which he had come, as though he would have made for that familiar house, the home of the wife of his first love. But the enemy held the ground in that direction (Essex writes that Rupert was in such strength that he was able to outflank the Parliamentarians and charge them in the rear), and so he turned north-westwards, meaning doubtless to strike the road between Stadhampton and Thame and make his way to Essex's headquarters at the latter place. We are told of an incident in that mournful ride. 'When he was come to a considerable rivulet he was much put to it what to do. He thought that if he alighted he could not possibly get up again, and how to get over he could not well tell, but he resolved at last to try what his horse could do, and so clapt his spurs to and got over.' Following in Hampden's track one makes an attempt to identify the spot. Mr. Blackall, of Great Haseley, whose grandson told the story to the fourth Lord Macclesfield, locates it at 'the brook which divides the parishes' of Haseley and Pyrton. Hampden was last seen crossing the grounds of Little Haseley Court. Head northwards from Little to Great Haseley, and you strike nothing more considerable than a meagre drain, dry when the writer saw it in June last year. But take a bee line from Haseley Court for Thame, and you will find yourself brought up by a running ditch with soggy banks, an affluent of the Haseley brook. Those who hunt with the South Oxfordshire must know it well and have crossed it often, and will admit that it was something to give pause to a wounded man on a tired horse. That is where the writer thinks he has identified

Hampden's leap within a field or so. And yet, after all, Mr. Blackall of Great Haseley may be right : water was more plenty in Hampden's time than now, and that dry drain between Great and Little Haseley may have been a considerable rivulet the day that Hampden rode from Chalgrove Field to Thame.

As to the way in which Hampden came by his death, it seems to the writer that the account which purports to have been given by his son-in-law, Sir Robert Pye, to Sir Edward Harley has not received the attention it deserves. The provenance of the MS., now in a Berkshire country house, is obscure. Baldwin, who printed it in the 'St. James' Chronicle' for 1761, told the father of Henry James Pye, the Poet Laureate, that he found it in a book which came into his possession out of Lord Oxford's family. But the grounds on which Lord Nugent dismisses it—namely, that Pye the Laureate was assured by his father that Sir Robert Pye never mentioned it to his grandfather, though the latter lived with him till he was eighteen—are not conclusive. Sir Robert Pye was on the best of terms with his father-in-law, and the rueful tone in which the tale is told conveys the impression that the incident was not one to which he cared to recur, though it does not exclude the possibility that he related it in a moment of confidence to a friend. After describing how Hampden made his way to Thame, the letter proceeds :

As soon as he possibly could he sent for me ; he was in very great pain, and told me that he suspected his wound was mortal, but what makes it still more grievous to me, says he, is, that I am afraid you are in some degree accessory to it, for the hurt I have received his (*sic*) occasioned by the bursting of one of those pistols which you gave me. You may be sure I was not a little surprised and concerned at hearing this, and assured him they were bought from one of the best workmen in France, and that I myself had seen them tried. You must know it was Mr. Hampden's custom whenever he was going abroad always to order a raw serving boy that he had to be sure to take care that his pistols were loaded, and it seems the boy did so very effectually, for whenever he was thus ordered he always put in a fresh charge without considering or examining whether the former charge had been made use of or not, and upon examining the remaining pistoll they found it was in this state, quite filled up to the top with two or three supernumerary charges. And the other pistoll having been in the same condition was the occasion of its bursting and shattering Mr. Hampden's arm in such a manner that he received his death by the wound and not by any hurt from the enemy.

The letter has a certain interest, but the matter with which it deals is not of great importance. There was a time when controversy raged round it, and Lord Nugent, author of 'Memorials of Hampden,' went so far as to attempt to settle the question by

exhuming Hampden's body. People seemed to think it derogatory to the dignity of the patriot to deprive him of his two carbine balls in the shoulder. What matter? Killed by the enemy's shot or the bursting of a treacherous weapon, he fell fighting dauntlessly for what he held the right. One may take leave of him not with the studied judgment of Clarendon, but with the heartfelt words of Arthur Goodwin, his colleague in the representation of Bucks: 'He was a gallant man, an honest man, an able man, and take all I know not to any man livinge second.'

One would be glad to realise the appearance of the man who so greatly impressed his contemporaries. But portraits of Hampden are few and doubtful. The most generally known is that in the possession of Lord St. Germans (reproduced in Green's 'History of England'), of which a copy now hangs in Hampden's own college of Magdalen. It is the portrait of a man not yet middle aged, wearing a cuirass, a man of a ruddy complexion and, it seems to the writer, a somewhat pleasure-loving cast of countenance. But there is the less cause for wonder here if, as is maintained, the original is the very picture which Hampden exchanged for one of Eliot shortly before his friend's death. Hampden was but thirty-six at the time, and the days of indulgence in 'all the license in sports and exercises and company which was used by the men of the most jolly conversation' were not so long gone by. More suggestive of the Hampden of Parliamentary fame is the terra-cotta bust—the only memorial of Hampden there—which stands in the National Portrait Gallery. An older, graver, leaner face, it holds you with a quiet eye, and you may stand and look upon it long till an echo of Clarendon penetrates your brain and you wake with a start to stand on your guard against 'infusions.'

MARCUS DIMSDALE.

### *IN ICELAND.*

It was by the merest accident that I paid a visit in August last to Iceland, a country which I had never thought of including even in my dreams of travel. But it happened in this way: a party of friends, weary of waiting beyond the end of July for the English summer, which seemed to have been postponed indefinitely, determined to start off on a yacht and visit the North Cape and the ultimate fjords of Norway. We had armed ourselves with a library of books of travel in the regions which we hoped to explore, and so, fully equipped, left Euston Station for Oban, where we were to meet the yacht. But, within an hour of reaching our destination, our host received a telegram whose contents determined him to shorten his holiday by several weeks; wherefore, after a brief consultation, all our plans were altered, and Iceland became our objective instead of Northern Scandinavia.

From Oban it was a few days' sea-journey to Reykiavik, the capital of Iceland; but into those four days inexorable fate managed to crowd the maximum of discomfort from fog and cold and Atlantic swell. Nevertheless, the philosophy of our combined party was summoned to endure these passing hardships, and the result was entirely satisfactory. The only thing that really worried us was the fact that none of us knew anything about Iceland, neither where to go nor what to see. The ship's library, rich in travellers' tales about Africa and Asia and America, contained no volume that could shed a single ray of light upon the outer darkness of our ignorance. Somebody remembered having seen a telegram a few weeks earlier, saying that Iceland was enjoying a really hot summer, a statement which reminded somebody else that 'Iceland' is not the proper name of the country, but 'Island'; and this fact gave considerable comfort to those who imagined that we were steaming into the frozen regions of the North Pole. These grains of information, coupled with the news (extracted from some technical handbook discovered in the chart-room) that Iceland is larger than Ireland, and not, as many imagine, about the size of the Isle of Wight, completed our fore-knowledge of the country upon which we were about to descend.

After rounding the cape at Reykanaes, we got into comparatively still water beneath a cloudless blue sky, elements which restored the company to its normal state of cheerfulness and intelligence. General interest was once more aroused when we heard that a whale could be seen spouting to starboard: kodaks appeared to snapshot the whaler in pursuit, or even the lonely trawlers making their way back over the ocean to the east coast of England. The naturalist of the party at last secured an audience for his sapient remarks upon the birds, of the auk and other tribes, which abounded. It was plain that we were in the presence of a great and comfortable calm. Once only did we stop before bending into the bay at Reykiavik, to board a Grimsby fishing-smack and fill up with 'sea-food' of every variety. The men had just had their second haul, and the deck was alive with hundreds of fish of all sorts and sizes and colours; in fact, their *embarras de richesses* was only equalled by our *embarras de choix*, which we solved by paying ten shillings and a bottle of 'Glenlivet' for three pails full of cod and halibut, and other delicacies of the deep whose names I do not recall. Thus replenished, we steamed another ten miles, and finally cast anchor off Reykiavik, a small fishing-town without either character or pretension.

Yet it is the oldest inhabited spot in Iceland, the home of the first colonist from Norway. Following the traditional custom of the Vikings, one Ingolf Arnason took with him upon his ship the pillars of his high seat from the home that he had left in Norway; then, as he sighted the unknown land, he threw these pillars overboard, with the determination to fix his new habitation on the spot where they should finally be washed ashore. Landing himself on the eastern part of the south coast, he followed the seaboard westward on foot; and, after three years of wandering, he found his pillars in this little bay, where now stands the chief town of the island.

The 'capital,' yes; but it has only 3500 inhabitants, who live in humble wooden dwellings which straggle along in three roads parallel to the seashore. There are a few stone houses, too, none more than one storey high, and a museum and a cathedral and a 'place.' Half a dozen rickety jetties extend out to the water, and these are crowded with boats and people. The inhabitants are paying no attention whatever to the fine ship that has just steamed in, but are attending the daily fish-market and carrying away their purchases in small tin buckets. So much we could see from the deck.



You land at Reykiavik, and feel instinctively that you are in the heart of an old-world life, which moves slowly and very reluctantly toward the voice of progress that is ever calling to her across the sea. All is tranquil and very calm ; there are no railways or tramcars or steam-whistles, no barrel-organs or street-cries, no wheeled traffic, and no beggars. There are a few shops, but of quite a primitive kind, although sufficient for the needs of the whole island. The tourist, properly so called, is disappointed at first. He feels that he can take nothing away with him from Reykiavik, either intellectually or materially. This little capital is so different from all others that he has visited in Europe or America, where nationality proclaims itself from the housetops and invites the foreigner to investigate its peculiarities. Not so in Iceland. The short, square, rugged men, with high complexions and bearded faces, regard the stranger with courteous equanimity, and ride off down the street on their shaggy little ponies to work or dinner ; the women, in their charmingly staid costumes, continue their purchases or their gossiping, even though a shipload of oddly-dressed Teutons surge into the High Street. They are all-sufficient for themselves, these cloistered Icelanders. But, if chance favours you, and gives you an opportunity of making friends with but a few of them, you will find much that is interesting and sympathetic behind that indifferent exterior. I should say, though on very slight acquaintance with the natives of town and country, that they are a race of 'sahibs,' of Nature's ladies and gentlemen, kind-hearted and upright and sober, well educated and courteous, patriotic and splendidly independent. Nobody is rich, but nobody is destitute ; and the curious prevailing contentment with the merest necessities of life must be held to account for the widespread indolence which distinguishes the race.

Similarly, in the shops there is no 'window-dressing' to attract or tempt the traveller. You have to dive through a gloomy little door into the darkened chamber to find those rare and native manufactures so dear to the heart of the globe-trotter ; but, having done so, you are well repaid if your ambition does not soar too high. Old Mr. Pall, at the top of the street, is a dear old silver-worker, who copies ancient Icelandic ornaments that are marvels in delicacy of design ; and he sells them to you at a price fixed by the weight of silver plus the cost of labour. He also buys cheap German silver cigar and cigarette cases, and embellishes these with coloured representations of the Midnight Sun, or of Hecla in eruption ! But

he is an erudite old gentleman, who has picked up a smattering of most European languages, and has written an excellent Icelandic-French grammar which is, I believe, the only one of its kind. Again, there is another shop called 'the bazaar,' through whose dingy windows you can faintly discern some inanimate figures and a few pieces of old silver. Within, the jumble is really entertaining in its variety. There are stuffed birds and beasts, skins and furs, silver and gilt ornaments, carved chairs and whips and toys, garments of all sorts—native and continental—boots and shoes, household utensils, and almost every other human requisite. But most attractive of all are the saleswomen, attired in the raiment of the country, their fair hair plaited and coiled beneath a tiny black cloth skull-cap, adorned with a long silk tassel threaded through a silver ring. They wear low black bodices, relieved by a coloured kerchief tied in a flowing bow and fastened with a silver brooch of some antique design, and a black apron of wool or silk covers a dark-coloured skirt, whose only ornament is a broad flowered border at the bottom. They ape none of the ways of the modern shop-lady. They appear to be almost indifferent as to whether you buy or no. But if you betray some interest in hearing about the costumes of the island, their apathy disappears. They will ransack whole cupboards to find the festal garments that are rapidly becoming more rare, and you will be tempted to invest in the crowns and Phrygian caps which encircle and support the gauzy veils that decorate the ladies' heads on high-days and holidays in Iceland.

Shopping in Reykiavik goes thus far and no farther for the tourist, and he will therefore turn his attention to the main objects of interest in the town. Probably the museum will please him best, with its admirable collection of Icelandic antiquities, weapons and wood-carving being the most prominent features of the exhibition; but real importance also attaches to a rich assortment of ecclesiastical furniture and ornaments, of altar-pieces and crucifixes and embroidered robes. The visitor should not fail to notice the ancient Icelandic loom which continued in common use until the middle of the eighteenth century, a loom which is in all respects similar to those employed by the ancient Greeks and Egyptians.

I do not know that I can recommend the cathedral, a most ordinary-looking building, whose internal decoration is uncommonly bad; yet it does contain one thing of beauty, a small marble font by Thorwaldsen. It was the celebrated sculptor's gift to his native

town, and bears an inscription in which he calls Iceland his Fatherland. There remains but the Althing, or House of Parliament, to see before bidding farewell to Reykiavik. For some unknown reason the natives imagine it to resemble 'some of the Renaissance palaces of Florence, such as the Palazzo Strozzi.' As a matter of sober fact, it is a very ordinary stone building, such as might be occupied by a small employer of labour outside Birmingham or Manchester. Within its walls sit the Upper and Lower Houses, consisting of fourteen and thirty-two members respectively, the Commons being elected by men over twenty-five years of age, who pay not less than four kroners a year to Government, and the Senate being chosen partly by Government and partly by the Commons. The Chambers only sit every second year, and when they disagree a conference is held and a two-thirds majority decides the question. I attended one sitting of the Commons, standing, or rather crouching, in a miniature gallery, and looking down into a small square room in which the representatives of the people sat in a semicircle, with their President in the centre and the Minister of Denmark beside him. This last-named official (who corresponds somewhat to the Governor of the Isle of Man, I imagine) was having rather a difficult time, as he was trying to persuade the Icelanders to spend a good deal more money upon the impending reception of the King of Denmark than they seemed inclined to do. Not that the Radical party felt a spark of disloyalty toward their ancient ally on the Continent of Europe, but they felt—as in duty bound to their 'progressive' constituents—called upon to remonstrate against any expenditure which might infer subservience. They were the more stimulated to expostulate on this occasion as somebody had just invented a brand new Icelandic flag—a white cross on a blue ground—which the daring spirits intended to flaunt above the Danish Standard at the time of the Royal visit!

It was the one modern thing that I saw in Iceland, this frock-coated assembly of lawgivers. They seemed to inhabit somewhat uneasily this tabernacle of wood and stone; they whose ancestors for a thousand years had held their Parliament and promulgated their laws from the ancient plain of Thingvellir, where white glaciers, blue mountains, high cliffs, lend dignity and beauty to the scene; where the river Öxara falls in a foaming flood from the mountains into the green plain, and the heavens themselves are mirrored in the waters of the largest lake in Iceland. How different must have been the legislative session of those olden days from that

which I saw! I quote a picturesque description of it from an Icelandic book:

For the two weeks over which the Althing extended Thingvellir presented a brilliant and varied scene. From all quarters ride the chiefs with their followers to the assembly, their bright weapons glancing in the sunshine; by the side of many a chief ride gaily dressed ladies, his wife and daughter, or kinswomen. In an instant the whole plain is alive with men and horses. Friends who have not met for years, greet each other; some unharness their horses and lead them away to graze; some arrange and store their baggage; some are building new booths, and some repairing old ones or spreading the awnings over them. At once there rises a whole village of booths, with green turf walls covered by white awnings. Thursday is occupied in getting the booths into order and settling down generally. On Friday and Saturday the multitude crowds round the Lögberg (Hill of Laws) to hear the Speaker (lögsgymadur) recite the Laws of the land, and on these days also the judges are appointed and the courts constituted. On Sunday the real work of the Assembly begins, when the legislative council holds its first meeting. On Monday the courts begin to sit, and thenceforward the work goes on vigorously for the rest of the time of Assembly, in a constant succession of councils, judgments, proclamations on the Hill of Laws, etc. The intervals of this serious business are filled up with various relaxations. Men visit each other in the booths, woo the fair daughters of the chieftains, wrestle on Fangabrekka, or listen to the narratives of some good story teller; for it was the custom that he who knew most tales and could tell them best recited his narratives aloud, while the people crowded around to listen.

No traveller should miss seeing this historic spot, albeit there remain but few traces of its past glories. Nor should he, before leaving Reykiavik, omit a journey out to Geysir, the celebrated hot-spring which has made the name of 'geyser' famous throughout the world. It is a comfortable two-days' trip from the capital, and—if the spring is in eruption—well worth the time spent, not only on account of the peculiar characteristics of the spring itself, but also because the path leads through typical Icelandic scenery.

After visiting these places, and having sampled the capital deep-sea fishing in the bay, we left Reykiavik, feeling that the possibilities of enjoyment were far from exhausted, since we had no time for the numerous excursions in search of scenery and sport which Helgi Zöega (the Thomas Cook & Son of the island) suggested for our amusement. Our destination was the Hval (Whale) fjord, about two hours' steaming west of Reykiavik. The scenery had not the variety or the charm of the Norwegian fjords, yet it was massive and lonely and impressive. We landed in a little bay, where there was no sign of human habitation, and made our way inland to the farmsteading of an old burgher, who owned the fishing on an excellent little salmon river which we were anxious to try. It was a difficult walk, especially for the ladies, over rocks

and broken lava shingle, but memorable on account of the wonderful variety of sea-birds that we encountered. Golden plover and snipe called to us in confidence, sea-swallows and magpies and gulls innumerable circled in the air above our path, eider-ducks and puffins trotted along the shore in front of us. At length we reached the farmhouse, a turfed and timbered dwelling, and our incursion caused no little surprise. The old proprietor was out in his hay-fields, with a score or so of young men and maidens; all hands at work, making the most of the sunshine. Nothing could have exceeded their kindness to us. A rich meal of coffee and cakes and jam was spread out in the guest-chamber, and horses were afterwards provided to take us down to the river—a most attractive arrangement of rocky pools and waterfalls—in which the salmon were rising by the dozen, declining to be caught by fly or minnow, or anything except the homely worm.

Thus, shooting snipe and wild-duck, or fishing, the days passed most agreeably. They are charming people, these upland families in the back of beyond. Their hospitality is so real, nothing seems to be too much trouble for them. The men, it is true, are indolent, and not remarkable for many of the manly virtues; but they are well educated and delightful in conversation. Their women-folk are held of smaller account; they do the rough work in and about the farms, and the daughters of the house may not even sit down to eat until they have served the men of the party. But, to the eye of the foreigner, they are certainly the superior sex, and we all fell victims to their captivating features and voices. It is, indeed, hard to realise that such charm can exist in surroundings so primitive, for life is primitive indeed where it is customary for the youths of both sexes in a household (not even of the same family) to sleep in the same great 'Badstofa,' or general living-room. The bathing system, too, would not exactly satisfy the requirements of some censorious and twentieth-century persons; for, as a rule, the whole family indulges simultaneously, though very occasionally, in a vapour bath, which is procured by lighting a fire beneath a cairn of stones, which become white-hot, and then pouring buckets of cold water over them. Clouds of steam fill the bath-chamber, and the bathers invigorate one another with rudimentary massage. Of course, these old-time habits are now confined to isolated hamlets, and have long been impossible in the capital or trading centres, where the hot-springs can often be requisitioned and adapted to serve the purposes of the most elegant bath-room.

A summer Sunday is a great day in the villages of Iceland. There is no work—if the hay is all in—and from each farm a cavalcade of men and women and children on sturdy little ponies proceeds to the village church. From far and near they gather together and gossip over the news of the week until the parson arrives on his pony, and the bells begin to ring, the signal for the worshippers to enter the church. Service over, the general circle re-forms and the isolation of six days is all forgotten in the cheerful reunion of the seventh. At these gatherings the traveller has the best opportunity of seeing the quaint old customs which are so distinctive of the Icelanders. He will also come across the finest specimens of the native breed of ponies, which are collected by traders from the upland farms, and shipped from the coast in hundreds to Leith, whence they are dispersed to the coal-mining districts of Great Britain.

Such is my imperfect memory of a delightful trip to Iceland, a veritable Haven of Rest in an age when all other countries are striving after progress and money. But our visit was too short to exhaust all the possibilities of the island, which can still offer sporting and scenic attractions that are difficult to beat. Another time I shall be greatly tempted to arrange for a caravan of ponies, and strike across country from Reykiavik to the North, returning either by the east or west coast. Such a journey was performed last year by a couple of young English officers of my acquaintance, who were loud in their praises of the shooting and fishing to be obtained for little more than the asking. Their only difficulty—and who has not experienced it in some part of the world?—was with the guides, who left something to be desired though they were by no means indispensable. My friends dismissed their cicerone when only half way through their tour. What was their surprise, on returning to Reykiavik, to find him established as Governor of the State Prison, a proud official, resplendent in a green-and-gold uniform, ready to take his part in the great reception which awaited the King of Denmark.

IAN MALCOLM.

PRISCILLA OF THE GOOD INTENT<sup>1</sup>

A ROMANCE OF THE GREY FELLS.

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE blacksmith's forge stood just this side of the village as you entered it from Shepston, and David Blake, the smith, was blowing lustily at his bellows, while the sweat dripped down his face. The cool of a spring morning came through the doorway, against which leaned a heavy, slouching lad.

'Te-he, David the Smith! Sparks do go scrambling up chimley,' said Billy the Fool, with a fat and empty laugh.

They called him Billy the Fool for old affection's sake, with no sense of reproach; for the old ways of thought had a fast hold on Garth village, and a natural was held in a certain awe, as being something midway between a prophet and a child.

'Ay, sparks are scrambling up. 'Tis a way they have, Billy,' answered the other cheerily. 'What's your news?'

Again Billy laughed, but cunningly this time. 'Grand news—all about myself. Was up at sunrise, and been *doing naught* ever since. I'm main fond of doing naught, Blacksmith David. Seems to trickle down your body, does idleness, like good ale.'

The blacksmith loosed his hold on the bellows' handles and turned about, while he passed a hand across his forehead.

'Is there naught ye like better than idleness?' he asked. 'Think now, Billy—just ponder over it.'

'Well, now,' answered the other, after a silence, 'there's playing—what ye might call playing at a right good game. Could ye think of some likely pastime, Blacksmith David?'

'Ay, could I. Blowing bellows is the grandest frolic ever I came across.'

Billy the Fool was wary, after his own fashion, and he looked

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1908, by Halliwell Sutcliffe, in the United States of America.

at the blacksmith hard, his child's eyes—blue and unclouded by the storms of life—showing big beneath their heavy brows of reddish-brown.

'I doubt 'tis work, David Blake,' he said dispassionately.

'Nay, now! Would I ask *thee* to work, lad? Fond o' thee as I am, and knowing labour's harmful to thee?'

'I shouldn't like to be trapped into work. 'Twould scare me when I woke o' nights and thought of it.'

'See ye, then, Billy'—blowing the bellows gently—'is it work to make yon sparks go, blue and green and red, as fast as ever ye like to drive 'em? Play, I call it, and I've a mind, now I come to think on 't, just to keep ye out o' the game, and go on playing it myself.'

Billy the Fool drew nearer, with an anxious look. 'Ye wouldn't do that, or ye'd not be Blacksmith David,' he said, with unerring knowledge of the other's kindness. 'Te-he! 'Tis just a bit o' sporting—I hadn't thought of it i' that light.'

And soon he was blowing steadily; for the lad's frame was a giant's, when he chose to use it, and no fatigue had ever greatly touched him. From time to time, as the blacksmith paused to take a red-hot bar from the furnace or to put a cold one in, he would nod cheerfully at Billy the Fool and emphasise the frolicsome side of his employment.

'Ye've an easy time, Billy,' he would say. 'See me sweating here at beating iron into horseshoe shape—and ye playing at chasing sparks all up the chimley!'

The sweat was pouring from Billy, too, by this time, but he did not heed. Plump and soft his laugh came, as he forced the sparks more swiftly from the coals.

'Was born for playtimes, I, Blacksmith David,' he cried in great delight. 'I've heard tell of silver spoons, popped unbeknownst-like into babbies' cradles. I war a babby o' that make, I reckon, for sure 'tis I'm always playing, when I'm not always idling in between times.'

'Ye were lucky fro' birth,' David answered, driving the hole for the last nail. 'Some folk is, while other-some must work.'

'Why *do* ye work, Blacksmith David?' asked Billy the Fool, with entire simplicity.

'Oh, just a fancy, lad. Seems as I have to, somehow. There were no silver spoons dropped into *my* cradle. Hive o' bees swarmed there, I fancy, for I've had a few in my bonnet ever since.'



There was another silence, while Billy the Fool, working hard at the bellows, looked long and meditatively at David Blake.

'I wouldn't like to hurt ye, Blacksmith David,' he said at last, 'but I reckon ye're just a bit daft-witted like. Why don't ye play or idle all your time, same as I do?'

David threw the finished horseshoe on the heap at his left hand, and was about to answer when a shadow came between the reeking smithy and the fresh and open sunshine beyond the door.

'Oh, 'tis ye, Priscilla?' he said, looking up. 'Ye've got the spring-look in your face.'

The girl had worn that look, indeed, from babyhood. The fairies had laid no silver spoons in her cradle, but they had put a better gift; for she was born when spring was coming in, and even her mother, hard-working farm-wife as she was, had thought of primroses and of marsh-marigolds by the moor-stream's brim, and of the greening trees, as she watched the healthy comeliness of her little lass grow with the seasons.

Now, as she stood half in, half out of the smithy door, Priscilla was radiant in her young and pliant beauty. To David Blake's fancy—rough, kindly, not far wide of the mark at any time—she 'made the day new-washed and happier'; yet it was Billy the Fool who next found his tongue.

'Te-he! Ye look as if life was playtime for ye, too,' said he, still blowing at his bellows, but looking at her slyly over his shoulder.

'Maybe,' she laughed—and the kind, wise music of the thrush was in her laughter. 'Tis very true, Billy. Life's playtime for me.'

David Blake looked at her, and liked her a little the better; for he knew that Priscilla worked hard, worked long and with a blithe face, each day of her life. To the blacksmith it seemed, in between doing odd jobs that brought him in a livelihood, that his prime work in life was to love Priscilla ever and ever a little more—and each day to find himself more tongue-tied in her presence.

It was Billy who took up the talk again, though Blake, to-morrow's morn, would think of twenty things he might have said, and curse himself in a quiet way for having failed to say them.

'I'm always playing, as a man might say, myself,' chuckled Billy the Fool. 'Playing at bellows-blowing now. See the lile sparks go up, Miss Priscilla—'tis I that send them, right enough.'

'Why, yes,' she said, nodding pleasantly at his wide and gaping

face. 'We're playing, Billy, you and I. Only the blacksmith works.'

'He's a bit of a fool, by that token,' hazarded Billy.

The blacksmith, when he laughed at all, laughed from his lungs outward. 'Always guessed it, Priscilla,' said he, making his anvil ring. 'Billy's a child, but old in wisdom. Bit of a fool I'll be to the end, I reckon.'

'I'm playing, blacksmith,' said Billy the Fool, while the blacksmith halted in his work to steal a glance at Priscilla. 'Get ye on with your work o' making horseshoes, if I'm playing the tune to ye.'

Again David laughed. 'Keeps me at it, Priscilla,' he said. 'Never met a taskmaster so hard to drive a man as Billy.'

'We want ye at Good Intent,' said Priscilla, laughing too—and her laughter was a pleasant thing to hear, reminding David again of throstles when the spring comes in.

'You can ease your hold of the bellows, Billy,' said David, with an alacrity that was patent to the girl, modest and proud as she was. 'When I am called to Good Intent Farm—well, I go, most times, and ne'er ask what's wanted, and leave smithy-work behind.'

'Robbing me o' my playtime,' panted Billy the Fool, as he mopped his forehead.

He looked up at David, and his brown eyes were wistful as a dog's asking for commands.

'Ye'll be idle now,' said the blacksmith. 'Play first, laddie, and idleness at after.'

'Ay, you're right, David the Smith—you're always right, saving odd times, when you're a Fool Billy like myself. Miss Priscilla has a trick o' making ye Billy the Fool, I've noticed.'

The village natural, with his huge body and his big, child's eyes, had a way of finding out his neighbours' secrets, and had no shame at all in telling folk what each wanted to hide from the other. Priscilla turned her face away, and David reddened like a lovesick lad.

'Keep the forge-fire going quietly,' said the blacksmith. 'That's idleness for ye—just to lie dreaming this side of it, and time and time to put the fuel on.'

'Ay, that's idleness,' said Billy, as he stretched himself—again like a shaggy, trusty dog—along the smithy floor. 'Get ye to work, David the Smith, and leave me to my play-work.'

They went out into the spring-time, David and Priscilla, and the breeze was cool and sweet about them as if it blew from beds of primroses. The lass wished that David Blake had more to say, wished that the quickness of the spring would run off his tongue's end; she did not know that he felt it—more than she, maybe—but had no words in which to tell her of it.

'You make a body thoughtless-like, Priscilla,' he said at last. 'Never asked ye what the job was I was wanted for; and here am I without a tool to my back.'

David was able to do so many jobs, and do them handily, that it might be one of twenty that was asked of him to-day, and he looked anxiously at Priscilla, to ask if he should go back for his tools.

'I was watching the water-wagtails,' she answered, scarcely hearing him. 'They're home to the old stream again, David, and that means the spring is here, or hereabouts.'

He watched the pair of mating birds sit, first on the low stone wall that guarded the stream, then flicker to the road, their white tails moving like a lady's fan.

'Mating-time, Priscilla,' said he.

Something in his voice, something in the true, quiet ring of it moved Priscilla strangely.

'They're bonnie birds, David,' she said. 'Winter's out, and spring-time's coming in, when they wag their trim, white tails.'

'Ay, true. But what tools ought I to have brought, like?'

Priscilla sighed, for dull-wittedness did not commend itself to-day. 'No tools at all, David. The roan cow I'm so fond of has lodged a slice of turnip in her throat, and father cannot move it.'

'Easy as falling out of a tree, Priscilla. Lord, I thought you farmer-folk knew somewhat—but when it comes to a cow, ye've got to whistle for David the Smith!'

Priscilla glanced at him with a roguery as dainty and secure as that of the spring itself. 'They say ye can talk to the four-footed things, David, and make them understand ye. Pity ye can't spare more words for us poor two-footed folk.'

'Ay, but the beasts are sensible, somehow, lass. They don't maze ye up with words and what ye might call the rills and furbelows o' life—they just look at ye, and feel your hands going smooth and quiet down their flanks, and *they know*.'

'Billy the Fool has that sort of instinct, I have noticed,' said Priscilla demurely. 'There's not a dog in the countryside that

won't come and fawn on him—though some of our dogs are not just gentle.'

David gave another of his great, hearty laughs. 'My father always said, when he was alive, that I'd been intended for a natural, and missed it only by good luck. I'm fond of Billy the Fool myself; simple and slow is Billy, and what he lacks in wit he makes up for in heart-room.'

'That's true, David,' said the girl, a little daunted, as she often was, by David's settled outlook upon things.

For herself, there were times when she longed to cross the limits of this life at Garth, longed for the romance of the beyond; but when David talked as he was talking now she felt shamefacedly that he was in the right to be content within the boundaries of the fields and the blithe, raking hills, the village smithy and the village farmsteads.

David Blake did not belie his reputation when, after following the wood-path through the Ghyll, they came to Good Intent—a grey and well-found homestead—and sought the mistals. What with surgeon's skill and the skill that comes from utter friendship with all cattle, he did what neither Priscilla nor her father could have done.

'Give you thanks, David,' said Farmer Hirst, a broad, well-timbered man, with a voice like thunder on the distant hills. 'She's the pick of the lot, this roan ye've saved, and saving's saving, whether it is your child or your cow that's ailing.'

'Ah, now!' murmured the blacksmith, 'there's joy in saving beasties, and no thanks needed.'

'Well, thanks are waiting for ye when ye care to pick 'em up—which ye seldom do, David—and meanwhile I've to see if my men are cutting the thorn-hedge to my liking. Priscilla, there's cake and ale within doors; there's one in Garth can look better to David's needs than ever I could do.'

Now David's laugh was hearty; but it was a child's whisper when compared with Farmer Hirst's, especially when the older man fancied that he was using rare diplomacy. A true yeoman of the north was this master of Good Intent—owned his own house and land, his own quiet, wholesome pride, his line of goodly forbears. And so, because he had learned to know a man when he saw him, he had long ago chosen David as the favoured suitor.

'Lasses must wed, leaving their fathers lonely,' the farmer would say to himself as he sat o' nights—Priscilla gone to bed—

and drank his nightcap of hot rum. 'I'd have felt less lonesome-like if Priscilla's mother wasn't lying green under sod, and me alone save for 'Cilla. But lasses must wed, and I've seen o' late the mating look in Priscilla's face. Well, her mother wore that look, once on a day, and I've seen no better in my long life, and never shall. It must be David—oh, ay, it must be David!'

So he left them together this morning, and his big voice seemed to echo up and down the grey, stone hills long after he had left.

Farmer Hirst had given the blacksmith many chances of this kind; and always it had been, as now, the signal for David to grow tongue-tied, for Priscilla to show the wild-rose flag of maidenly rebellion in her cheeks.

'Tis kindly, this smell of a mistal,' ventured David by and by. 'Sweet o' the kine, I call it—'tis so lusty and so big to smell.'

Priscilla answered nothing. There's something in the fragrance of a cattle-byre that makes for wooing, no man can tell you why; and the lass was young and was feeling two spring seasons meet in her—spring of her untried youth, and spring of the tried old world that knows its faith.

'Cilla, the throstles are singing out of doors,' said he, bending an ear toward the open fields.

His meaning should have been clear; for, when a throstle sings across the reek of an open mistal-door, the human oddities of speech should be altogether lost, and the world's tongue interpret all. Yet Priscilla missed it, and disdained the thrush's clarion-note.

'Ay, David, and the world is turning round about the sun, and the stars come out o' nights, and I've to do my churning by and by. David, is there naught beyond your throstles and your stars and the sun that guides the world?'

'Naught,' answered David stolidly. 'They're life, Priscilla, and maybe when we're hid beneath the sward we'll know of bonnier things—but not just yet, I'm thinking.'

It was David's moment, had he known it. It needed a touch, a glance, a right word spoken that should ring in tune with the spring; and while he halted there came a sound of whistling all across the mistal-yard. It was not like Farmer Hirst to turn back when once he had set off, and Priscilla wondered whose the foot-step could be—the step that was quicker and lighter than her father's.

'One of the farm-men, maybe,' muttered David, remembering,

now that the opportunity was like to be lost, the one right speech he should have whispered into Priscilla's ear.

'No—nor yet father's. 'Tis a town-bred step, David. Cannot you hear the mincing tread, as if he thought the sweet yard-litter could hurt a body's feet?'

'Ay, now you name it, so I can. Treads nipperty-like, as a cat does. Mistrust that sort of going, I. Who can he be, Priscilla?'

'Some stranger likely. Someone that's never smelled the warmth of a cattle-byre, so I should say.'

The footsteps sounded near and hurried now, but still there was that delicate, lady-like treading across what Priscilla had named the sweet yard-litter. David and the girl, looking from the shadows of the mistal into the open sunlight, saw a well-dressed figure of a man—a man neither short nor tall, neither dark nor fair—a man no way remarkable, unless the sun was full upon him, and, seeing him from a shadowed place, you noted the uncertain eyes which long ago had been a puzzle to his mother when he stood beside her knee.

'There was no one at Good Intent, except old Martha,' said the new-comer, lifting his hat with an air which David Blake could not have copied had Priscilla's love depended on it. 'She told me you were here—"likely," she added, in the queer speech I used to know, "seeing the roan cow was sick, and you were tending her." Priscilla, surely you've not forgotten me?'

David Blake was the best-tempered man in all the long vale of Strathgarth, so folk said; but there were times when he was as ill to meet, as ill to look at, as if he had been a north-born dog guarding a north-built threshold from a stranger he distrusted. And David listened to this prit-a-prat man who tried to mimic old Martha's wholesome speech; and Priscilla, glancing sideways at the man who should have wooed her in the mistal—as women will glance toward a known lover from a rival known by instinct—Priscilla saw David Blake in a new guise, and one not pleasant to her on this peaceful day of spring.

She smiled at the new-comer, inclining her head a little in the pretty, willowy fashion that Garth village loved. 'You've the better of me,' she said. 'I do not remember you at all. Stay, though,' she added, seeing the sunlight on his face, with its inscrutable, wild eyes, 'I seem now to have known you long ago.'

'Five years ago, Priscilla,' he answered, with a laugh which

David swore was false to the note of throistles and all wholesome things.

'You ask me to remember some one I knew at fourteen,' said Priscilla quietly. 'It seems long ago to me.'

David went to smooth the flanks of the roan cow, who turned her head and licked his waistcoat tranquilly from the topmost to the lowest button.

'I know him now,' growled the smith. 'Garth has been well rid of him these five years, to my thinking. Pity he's come back.'

He glanced again at the other man, and was overtaken by an impulse to throw his adversary bodily out of the mistal-yard; so he pulled himself together, as one who was accustomed to follow kindly instincts only.

'Well, I'll be jogging, Priscilla,' he said, making for the door. 'The cow is ailing naught so much, and 'tis time I got to smithy-work again.'

'So you've forgotten me too, David?' said the stranger airily, as Blake was pushing past him.

'Nay,' answered David, not seeing the proffered hand. 'I remember you well, Gaunt of Marshlands—and I'll bid you good-day, as I was ever glad to do.'

## CHAPTER II.

'THAT's a pleasant sort of welcome, eh?' said Reuben Gaunt, as he watched David's broad back disappear round the corner of the stables.

Priscilla's interest was awakened already, and the smith had done an ill turn to his own cause by arousing her sympathy as well.

'You'll find pleasanter welcomes here in Garth,' the girl answered, with that candour of thought and expression which in itself was dignity. 'It was stupid of me to forget you, Mr. Gaunt, but I was so little, when you used to play big brother to me and show me all the wonders of the Dene.'

'I think it must not be Mr. Gaunt. The folk who like me call me Reuben, as you did once.'

Priscilla was vaguely disturbed. Softness of speech and manner she understood, for she had ever been a favourite with the landed gentlefolk of Strathgarth; and, because she understood them, she detected the false note in Gaunt's would-be correctness. Yet she

pushed the distrust aside ; for this man had been away from Garth for five long years, had seen the mysteries hidden in the beyond, and doubtless he could tell her of them.

‘ We are older now,’ she answered, a little smile belying her rebuke. ‘ It must be Mr. Gaunt, or naught at all.’

‘ Well, then, it must be Miss Priscilla, too ? ’

‘ T’would be fitting, I think. Five years are not bridged in a moment, and father tells me I’m a woman grown, though I feel a child when the spring comes in as it is coming now.’

An older and more constant playmate than Gaunt of Marshlands sang to her—sang blithe and high—through the mistal-door ; but she scarcely heard the throstle, for Gaunt brought news from the beyond.

‘ Where have you been these years past ? ’ she asked, moving restlessly from foot to foot.

‘ Everywhere, I fancy,’ laughed the other. ‘ I’ve seen the world, as I always meant to do ; and a queer world I’ve found it.’

As a child wipes the school-day’s sums from its slate, Priscilla lost the record of her working and her playtime hours. The grey serenity of Garth, the sweetness of its roadside gardens, the slow, rich gossip of its folk—these things went by her. She forgot the low, musical humming of the churn, the look of the butter as it lay, round and golden as a kingcup, on the stone tables of the dairy. She heard no longer the splash of milk into the foamy pail, the lowing of the kine as they gave their evensong of praise.

Not restless now, she leaned against the stall, her eyes wandering now and then to Gaunt’s, then returning to the mistal-yard and the croft beyond. She was listening to this man who had spent five years beyond the limits of Garth village, and his tales enthralled her. In an absent way she wondered that those well-known fields, the familiar yard, had never seemed so small as now.

Reuben Gaunt was talking well. The picture of the girl, her lissome outline framed by the oaken stall, her hands clasped above her head, the lights and shadows of the mistal playing constantly about her eager eyes—these might well have moved a duller wit than Gaunt’s to make the most of itself. And, when he stopped, Priscilla was silent, her head thrown further back and her glance going out and out, over the grey field-walls of Langstroth, over its dingles and its hills—out to the borderland, and across into the unknown.

‘ You have come back suddenly,’ she said at last. ‘ None



knew in Garth that you were coming home, or we must have heard of it.'

'I chose to return unawares, and see what sort of welcome Garth would give me without preparation.—And, gad, I learned from David Blake quite soon enough,' he finished, with an easy laugh.

'And shall you stay among us?'

He had been watching her during that long silence. Faults in plenty the man had, but in his way he could understand the finer lines of beauty; and now, as he met Priscilla's eyes, he found her exquisite—something as faultless, and yet as natural, as a harebell swaying to the wind.

'Yes, I shall stay,' he answered.

Her eyes fell, in answer, not to the words, but to the tone. And, because she had been wont to look all folk bravely in the eyes, she grew impatient of her shamefacedness.

'I cannot idle all the morning through,' she said. 'I'll give you good-day, Mr. Gaunt, and get to my housework.'

David Blake, meanwhile, had turned aside before he reached his smithy, and had crossed, by the stile at the road-corner, into the field where Farmer Hirst was busy hedge-cutting with his men.

'Hallo, David! Followed me up, like, have ye?' roared Hirst, as he chanced to turn his head while the smith was still half a field away.

'Ay, I like the sound and the look of cutting a thorn-hedge,' answered David, as he drew nearer. 'Thought I'd come and set ye straight if ye were showing faulty hedge-craft.'

The two farm men turned with their bill-hooks in their hands. They nodded at David and grinned at his simple pleasantry. Lithe, clean-built fellows they were, both of them, such as they breed within the boundaries of Strathgarth, and they were friends and, save in the matter of wage-earning, they were roughly the equals of their master.

'Come ye, then,' chuckled the farmer. 'See what we've done a'ready, David! See how trim and snug the whole line lies of it! Nay, not that way, lad!' he broke off, as one of the hands began to lay a stout hawthorn stem, sawn half-way through, all out of line with its fellow on the left.

He bent the branch as he would have it lie, then stepped aside—for a heavy man, Farmer Hirst was oddly active in his movements—and set to work to pluck a root of dog-briar from its deep

bed. Twist and turn the root in his hands as he might, it would not budge.

'Tis all these durned leather gloves,' he said, throwing his gauntlets off. 'They keep the prickles out, David—or reckon to—but when a body wants his naked hands—well, let him wear them naked.'

Again he tugged, but the old root would not give; so David grasped Priscilla's father by the middle, and 'Yoick!' he cried, and they pulled together. The root left its hold, more suddenly than they had counted on, and David, being the hinder of the two, bore the full brunt of the farmer's fall.

David the smith got to his feet by and by, and coaxed the wind back into his lungs. Farmer Hirst was laughing till the tears ran down his ruddy face; the men were laughing, too; so David, soon as he found breath, fetched out that slow, deep body-merriment of his.

'We got him out o' ground! Oh, ay, we daunted yond old briar-root!' said he.

Whereat the four laughed so heartily that a pair of curlews—just returned, like Reuben Gaunt, from sojourning God knew where—got up from the further side of the fence, and went crying toward the moor.

'Briar-roots are the devil and all,' said Farmer Hirst, 'when ye come to clean a hedge-bottom.'

'Bear bonnie roses all the same, when June comes in,' ventured the blacksmith, not telling Farmer Hirst that wild roses reminded him, too often for his peace of mind, of Priscilla. 'Pity to stump 'em up, say I, and pity came of my lending my hand to the job just now.'

He made pretence to rub himself, as if the farmer's bulk had raised painful sores on him. It is easy to laugh when the spring's a-coming in, and the four workers startled a black-faced ewe that was near to her first lambing season.

'Get away wi' your jests, David,' answered Farmer Hirst. 'D'ye think I want to have my lambs dropped hasty-like in the ditch down yonder?'

Yet by and by, when they had worked their fill at the hedge-cutting, and it was dinner-time, David drew the farmer aside. He had not known till now what had brought him to the fields here, instead of to the smithy where he had urgent work to do. For the blacksmith's brain was like an eight-day clock that stands in the

kitchen corner; it moved slowly—*tick-tack, tick-tack*, with sober repetition, but, when the moment came to strike the hour, there was never any doubt as to the time he had in mind.

‘John Hirst,’ he said, ‘ne’er mind your dinner yet awhile. I’ve somewhat lies on my chest, as a body might say.’

‘Well, I ligged there not a long while since, a trifle sudden and a trifle hard,’ laughed Hirst.

‘Ah, now, will ye be quiet? I’m like Billy the Fool, as Priscilla said just now, and ye think I’m jesting when I’m trying to talk sober sense.’

‘Dinner-time is sober sense, David, judging by my itch to get at cheese and bread and good brown ale. What then, lad? What ails ye?’

‘I’m slow of speech, unlike my smithy-bellows,’ went on the other doggedly. ‘I find the right word always the day after tomorrow, instead of the day’s minute that I want it.’

‘I’ve a trick of the same kind myself, David. What then? Speech is speech, but trimming a thorn-hedge, or ploughing for your turnip-crop, is a sight better than hunting words, like badgers that only turn and maul the honest dogs of life. Tuts, David! Ye’re yellow about the gills, and some trouble’s sitting on ye, by that token.’

‘Ay, some trouble is,’ said David.

‘Priscilla gave ye cake and ale?’ put in the other anxiously.

‘She forgot to offer it, and I forgot to lack it.’ David’s eyes followed the neat line of the hedge, and he nodded gravely at it. ‘Wish men were more like thorn-bushes, John—wish you could lop their unruliness, and twist their ill-grown branches into shape, and make a clean, useful hedge at the end of all.’

Farmer Hirst was thinking of his dinner with gaining tenderness. ‘What *is* in your mind, David, lad?’ he asked. ‘’Tis like watching the kettle boil, this getting at your meaning.’

‘Reuben Gaunt is back again in Garth,’ the smith blurted out. ‘That’s my meaning, John, and I tell you we could well have let him stay t’other side of the world, and ne’er have missed him.’

The farmer’s face clouded for a moment. ‘We could have spared him—ay. But what then? Because a fool chooses to come home again, are we to go pulling fiddle-faces on a blithesome day like this? Hark ye, David, I’ll not bide a minute longer; there’s cheese and ale all waiting in the hedge-bottom yonder, and you’re going to share it with us.’

So David laid his trouble aside for the moment, and the four of them sat on the sunny hedge-bank, and said little until for the second or third time they took more cheese to help the butter out, or more bread to help the cheese out, or another pull of ale 'to settle the lot trimly into place.'

'Wonderful March weather,' said the farmer, draining a last draught. 'Near to April, and not a lamb-storm yet. 'Twill be twelve year since I remember such a spring.'

'Found a primrose fair in bloom this morn,' said one of the farm-men. 'Wonderful weather, I'll own, farmer—but what's to come with April? Mistrust these easiful, quiet March-times myself.'

'Ah, get ye along!' cried Farmer Hirst. 'Believe the best o' the weather, I, and always did. They laugh at me in Shepston market—say I'm no true farmer, because I'll not speak o' the weather as if she were a jade for any man to mock at.'

There was a silence, while the men lay tranquilly against the bank and watched the blue sky trail her draperies of cool, white fleece across the west wind's track.

'Reuben Gaunt is back, I've heard,' said one of the farm-hands presently. 'Came last night, all unbeknownst-like, same fashion as he left, five years since.'

'There'll be brisk times for the lasses, then,' put in his fellow drily.

Again the farmer's face darkened for a moment. 'Tis work-time, lads, not gossip-time, and many a yard of hedge to fettle up before we get our suppers.'

'I'll be getting to my own work, too,' said David, nodding his farewells and moving down the field.

At another time he would have put his own work off, would have taken a hand till nightfall with the hedge-trimmers, would have given them jest for jest and laugh for laugh, while he trimmed, and cut, and bent the hawthorn boughs into their place. But to-day he could not.

'There'll be a brisk time for the lasses, then,' he muttered, echoing the farm-hand's idle speech. 'Ay, there's always trouble o' that sort when Reuben Gaunt's at hand.'

Through the quiet fields he went, but they brought little benediction to him. He remembered Gaunt and all his ways, remembered how, when he left Garth, there had been no sadness in the men's faces, but grief and bitterness in many women's.

‘What the dangment do they see in him, these lasses?’ growled David, as he climbed the wall and dropped into the high road. ‘Littlish in the build—face as good to look at as a mangold-wurzel’s—must be those devil’s eyes of his, that never lie still for a moment, but go hunting like a dog that sniffs a fresh scent every yard.’

David had summed up his man with unerring judgment in that last thought—so far, that is, as we can judge of any man. Had Gaunt been downright evil, it would have been easier for the men of Garth to have thrashed him long ago into a likelier and more wholesome habit. But even to-day, when he was in a mood that, for him, was bitter, the blacksmith knew that his enemy was neither good nor bad, but purposeless. He had watched him grow from childhood; and year by year his name of Reuben seemed more and more a prophecy of days to come.

‘Unstable as water—ay, just that,’ thought David, as he reached the smithy.

Billy the Fool, after dusting the smithy-fire with coke and smudge, had settled himself to sleep again; but he was awake on the instant when David’s footsteps sounded on the roadway. He rose, and shook himself with a big, heedless satisfaction.

‘I’ve been a-dreaming, David the Smith,’ was his greeting. ‘Dreamed I was wise, like ye are at most times—saving when Miss Priscilla comes.’

‘Ay?’ said the other, patting Billy on the shoulder.

‘Didn’t like it, David! Glad to waken is Billy the Fool. There wasn’t no frolic in’t.’

‘None at all, so I should think. No news, eh, since I left you in the smithy here?’

It was the habit in Garth village to ask Billy the Fool for news, however many times a day you met him, though none could say how the idle custom had first come into use.

‘Ay, there’s news. I’ve been at my games again, David the Smith.’ A smile broadened slowly across the placid face, while the blacksmith listened good-humouredly.

‘Never met your likes for games, Billy,’ he said, fingering his tools after the fashion of a man who means to begin work by and by, but not just yet.

David, indeed, was thinking less of work, and less of Billy the Fool, than of the encounter in the mistal. Reuben Gaunt had come like a shadow between the springtime and himself, had blurred the

sun for him : keen to foresee, as slow men often are, the blacksmith felt as if a blight had fallen on Garth village, checking the warmth, holding the green buds in their sheaths.

Yet Billy the Fool soon claimed his ear. 'I'd looked to your fire,' went on the natural, 'and stepped out into the road, to see what time o' day it was. Perhaps a half-hour since it was—and what d'ye think, David the Smith?'

'Couldn't guess, lad, couldn't guess.'

'Well, there was a littlish man, all dressed up as if 'twere Sunday; and he came down the road, and I knew he'd been to Good Intent.'

David glanced sharply up. 'How did you know that?'

'Miss Priscilla lives there. All the younger men—and happen a few o' the old 'uns too—will always be wending Good Intent way when the spring comes in. Habit o' theirs, David the Smith—habit o' theirs! Wend that way myself sometimes.'

The blacksmith, not for the first time, was puzzled by Billy the Fool. The natural's unerring instinct for all that made for the primitive in bird or beast or human-folk, when coupled with his child's disdain of everyday good sense, would have troubled keener wits than David's. He recognised Reuben Gaunt, moreover, from the other's description, and he fingered his tools no longer, but followed Billy's story.

'Came whistling down the road, did the littlish chap. I wondered, like, at what, for ye or me could have outsized him two or three times over.'

David laughed, though he was little in the mood for it. At every turn of his path to-day—whether he were talking to Priscilla, or dining in the hedge-bottom with Farmer Hirst, or talking to Billy the Fool—Gaunt's shadow crossed his path. Yet he laughed, for he was simple, too, and big, and there was something that tickled his fancy in this quiet assumption that little men had little right to whistle on the Queen's highway.

'Came whistling down, did he?' asked the blacksmith, strangely eager for the story.

'Ay, and stopped when he saw me. "Flick-a-moroo!" says he, and twitched my chin, and seemed to think he'd played a jest on me.'

Again David chuckled; for there was none in the Dale of Langstroth that could mimic a man as faithfully as Billy the Fool, and he had caught Gaunt's mincing accent to the life.

'*Flick-a-moroo*, says I, easy as answering a blackbird when he

calls. I didn't like having my chin tickled, David the Smith, but I bided like, as one might say. And then he says—'tis queer and strange how little a grown man can be, yet can strut like a turkey-cock—"Ye seem to know what's the meaning of *flick-a-moroo*," says he, "though it's more than I do." "Ay, I know the meaning of *flick-a-moroo*," I says.'

'Well, lad?' asked David, waiting till he had finished a laugh that came before the end of the story.

'Ye see, David the Smith—a happy, cunning look was in the natural's face—'ye see, we were near t' other side o' the road yonder, and I minded there was a snug, far drop over th' wall—young nettles growing soft as a feather-bed, David. So I says again, "Oh, ay," says I, "I know the meaning o' *flick-a-moroo*," says I; and I catches him, heels and head—'twould have made ye crack wi' laughter, David the Smith, to see it—and I holds him over the wall awhile, and drops him soft as a babby into th' nettles.'

Again David laughed. He could not help it. 'And then, Fool Billy?' he asked.

'Why, I went and looked at him, and I says, "Oh, ay, I know what's the meaning o' *flick-a-moroo*," says I—"and so do ye, I'm thinking."'

David felt a joy in this daft enterprise as keen as Billy's. Was it not the expression of feelings which he had himself only checked with an effort up yonder in the mistal-yard?

'Twas outrageous, and not like ye, Billy,' the smith observed, his whole face twinkling. 'Should'st be more civil when strangers come to Garth.'

Billy the Fool looked apprehensive for a moment; of all things, after work, he hated the reproof of those whom, in his innocence, he fancied to be wiser than himself. A glance at David's face, however, reassured him.

'Civil when strangers are civil, David the Smith,' he chuckled. For Billy, vague as his outlook upon morals was, showed himself persistently on the side of the Old Testament. 'I'd bested him, ye see! Owned he didn't know what *flick-a-moroo* meant. Billy the Fool did.'

'We'll have a change of play, Billy,' said the smith. 'Just make the bonnie sparks go scumming up again, and I'll to my work o' making horseshoes.'

David stole many a look at the other's face as they went forward with their labour. He was realising that there were possi-

bilities of tragedy about this lad with the big frame and the dangerous strength. It was a jest to drop a man gently into a bed of nettles—but what if Billy's passion were roused in earnest? What if some one pierced through that slothful outer crust of his, and touched some deeper instinct in him?

Fond as he was of cattle, and friendly with their speech and ways, David had learned from them to keep a watchful eye on all the elemental creatures. The kine, to his mind, made for the softer and more gracious side of life; but he had seen cows run wild when they were robbed of their calves, had seen them run wild at sight of the gore of a wounded sister. And the blacksmith, remembering these matters, kept a thoughtful eye on Billy the Fool, who was working the bellows cheerfully.

'Might be a sort of earthquake hidden in poor Billy,' he muttered. 'Tis hard to guess what he's thinking of, right at the beating heart of the chap.'

The smith would have been astonished, had he been able to sound these heart-beats of Billy the Fool. It was Priscilla he was thinking of—Priscilla of the Good Intent—Priscilla, who brought the sunshine into Garth for one poor fool whenever she crossed his path.

'She'll be fettling up the house-place now, I reckon,' said Billy suddenly.

'Who, lad?'

'Why, Miss Priscilla. 'Tis her time of day for doing on't. Te-he, David! I hoicked yond chap fair grandly over th' wall—Sunday clothes, and *pritty-prat* speech, and all. Nettles don't sting i' March, they say—but I've known 'em do that same.'

(To be continued.)



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